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# THE YOUNG PATRIOT; F

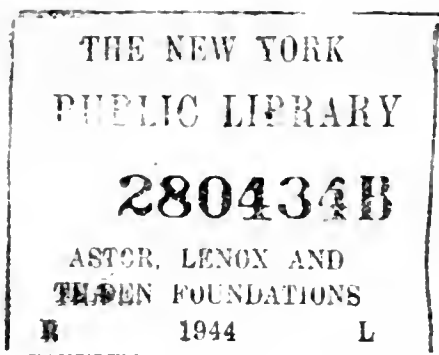
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## MEMORIAL OF JAMES HALL.

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"He being dead yet speaketh."  
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MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS little volume is both a tribute of affection and an effort to extend the usefulness of one who was prematurely cut off in a career of unusual promise.

The steel portrait will introduce him to the reader. It gives the outline of his face, and, in part, of his figure; and something of the light and shade that played upon his countenance. But as a bare introduction does not make the reader acquainted with him, we must give the portraiture of his soul. We must show what he was both in his outer and his inner life. And this we can do only by unfolding the life which he actually lived. We must show the process that gave the result. We shall thus be enabled to exhibit those permanent and living forces which had their roots deep in his spiritual nature, and were continually struggling up to the sur-

face ; and to show something of the self-discipline by which, under the grace of God, he became what he was.

For those who have known him well, a shorter method might be quite sufficient. A few suggestive statements and discriminating touches would go very far to present him as he was. To exhibit to them the dimmest outline, would be to uncover the whole picture.

Not so with others. They have the acquaintance to make. It is for them to notice for the first time his bearing, and observe his words, and learn by what principles and methods he ordered his life and established his character. First of all, then, let us exhibit the quarry from which our gem was taken.

# THE YOUNG PATRIOT, JAMES HALL.

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## CHAPTER I.

The Pioneer—Impulse to Emigrate—James Hall—Removes from Vermont to Western New York—Route—Kiantone—Name—Location—Features of Nature—Favoring Providences—Public Duties—Death.

THE State of Vermont received in the last century many of its best inhabitants by emigration from Massachusetts and Connecticut. The emigrant there, as afterwards in more western States, found that the tendency to emigrate was not always put to rest by the first experiment. Like the loosened rock, he could be more easily moved a second time.

Or if quite willing himself to make his new home a permanent one, he often found the same spirit of enterprise that drew him to the region where all was new, cropping out again in the next generation.

There was something in the story of that first pioneer life and its startling incidents, and of the advantages that were derived from the possession of new lands and a virgin soil, that awakened the dreams of childhood, and stimulated like purposes in the minds of the youth.

Thus Vermont received in one generation, and lost in the next, many who would do honor to any State.

Among those who shared this impulse, was James Hall, the father of the subject of this narrative. He left his home in Vermont in 1812,\* with his wife in his own

\* He had already been out in 1811 to fix upon a place for his new home.

conveyance, pursued the common thoroughfare of emigration to Batavia, in the State of New York, where he purchased of the "Holland Land Company" the acres which he had already chosen, continued his route to Buffalo, then a small village, followed the southern shore of Lake Erie to Dunkirk, and turned southward from the lake, some thirty-four miles to the spot where he had determined to fix his home, and where he afterwards lived.

He thus found himself, in direction, about south-west from Buffalo, and somewhat less than eighty miles distant. There was something inspiring in the great features of Nature that gave interest to his new home.

The Alleghany mountains had here become flattened out into a general elevation of nearly fourteen hundred feet above the tide level, with a waving surface, whose

waves were no empty figure of speech, but meant substantial hills and valleys which the traveler would soon learn not to despise. Embosomed among these hills, at the distance of an hour's ride, and stretching away in a north-westerly direction from him, was Chautauque Lake, spreading out at either end in a beautiful expanse of several miles, and contracted at the centre to the width of a few rods. With that singular felicity with which the Indians were accustomed to convey a description in a name, they called this lake "a pack tied in the middle;" such being the meaning of the word "Chautauque." This lake lies nearly across the middle of the county to which it gives its name, is seven hundred and twenty feet higher than Lake Erie, and twelve hundred and ninety feet above the waters of New York harbor.

Its outlet drives the mills of Jamestown,

and discharges itself into the Connewango; which in turn meets the Alleghany on its way to the Ohio and the Mississippi.

On the western side of the Connewango was the home of James Hall. A considerable creek, called the Kiantone or Fair-Banks,—the former being its Indian name, and the latter its meaning in English,—rises in Pennsylvania, and crossing the New York State line in the south part of Kiantone township, empties into the Connewango. From this stream the town derives its name.

Here he had all around him tall pine forests, which the lumberman's axe had just begun to invade, and was familiar with swollen rivers, deep snows, the native Indian chiefs, and the wild beasts which they loved to hunt.

Here he lived, accumulated wealth, reared a highly educated and respected

family, and served his generation with faithfulness and honor. It was a fact often spoken of, that a most singular vein of favoring providences ran through his whole life.

He was one of the few who paid for his land before he began to occupy it. This was not deemed by his neighbors good financiering; and the custom of the region had rendered it unnecessary. The common way was to take what was called an "article," or what is called in New England "a bond for a deed," a document that bound the seller to give the purchaser a deed of the property whenever the stipulated payment should be made. He always accounted it a fortunate thing that he adopted the other plan, and began on the principle of "owing no man any thing."

He thus began ahead of all necessities, and kept ahead. And where no human



foresight could determine which of two courses would prove the successful one, it was remarked that "he always came out right." In the year 1812, when he was collector of taxes over a district twelve miles square, and had gathered in most of the money and had it still in his own possession, he left his home to attend a "war meeting," the object of which was to furnish aid in the conflict with the British forces in the vicinity of Buffalo. Contrary to his usual custom, he took the money with him. On his return, he found that his house had been visited by a robber, and left in flames; he arrived too late to save any thing but what was upon his own person and that of his wife. The house was a primitive one, and was easily replaced. But it would not have been so with the money. And but for this providential deviation from his

habit of leaving his money at home, he would have lost it.

In subsequent years, when he had become a merchant, and an extensive buyer and seller of lands, it passed into a proverb, that "if any man was about to fail in business, or to run away, he was sure to go and pay James Hall first." This was understood, not as indicating any unusual vigilance on his part, or any thing like stringency in urging his collections; but merely as speaking out the common impression that prosperity waited upon him at every turn. He was a popular man, and filled important offices of trust for many years.

The best of all is, that he was a Christian, and one of the pillars of the church, to the day of his death. His life was terminated by a lingering illness, on the 21st of August, 1846.

## CHAPTER II.

Birth of James—Early Indications—Germinant Sports  
—Account by a Friend—School at Lima—Sickness  
—The Miracle of Nature—Slow Recovery—Reading.

JAMES, the youngest child of Mr. Hall, named from his father, and now to be made the subject of our narrative, was born September 7th, 1843.

Before his father's death, though James had not yet reached his third birthday, he had exhibited tokens of that earnest nature which was yet to be developed, and had elicited from the sick-bed words of solicitude and of caution in regard to the training he should receive. He soon made it manifest that there were elements of leadership in his composition, which those of his own age must recognize.

Their sports were governed by his taste, and he often wielded a controlling influence in regard to other things.

This would have been easily made out from incidents which I have heard him narrate with a widely different point in view. But wishing for direct testimony from those who had been eye witnesses of it all, I wrote to a judicious friend, and at his request the following lively sketch was furnished by one who knew whereof he affirmed.

“About half a mile from the Hall farm is the little village of Kiantone, where many of James’s associates resided. He was recognized as a leading spirit among them, and under his leadership the sports of the neighborhood partook for years of a military character. At one time he had all his playmates dressed in Indian costume,

and drilled in the arts of savage warfare. It was amusing enough for us older people to see the boys with fringed leggins, painted faces, scalp-locks and eagle feathers, armed with bows and arrows, spears and war-clubs, ranging in bands about the village, or drawn up in hostile array against each other. Sometimes it became necessary for older and cooler heads to step in and moderate the zeal of the combatants—not that there were actual quarrels, for I do not remember such an instance. But in their earnestness the boys would use their weapons with a regardlessness of danger and damage not pleasing to look upon.

“Through the village, from east to west, runs a brook, down a little ravine, which rapidly deepens after the stream, on its way to the Connewango, leaves the village. On the opposite bluffs of this narrow

ravine was another theatre for military sport—a half dozen little promontories, made by the meanderings of the stream, were appropriately named and fortified with stone and earthworks, and garrisoned by opposing forces.

“No dangerless matter was it to carry one of these forts. Good, sizable pebbles were the missiles used, and when flung with a will from vigorous young arms, they made no contemptible weapon; and wounds were given and received that would have been thought serious enough for downright warfare. During those years too, all the mechanical geniuses among the boys of the village, inspired by the same spirit, were employed in making wooden guns, pistols and swords, to be used in drilling in infantry tactics. And Jimmy was the inspiration of all these sports, and a leader—made so not only by displays of

resolution and courage, and the equanimity with which he received his bruises, but by his address in preventing quarrels and heart-burnings from arising, during such severe and earnest encounters.

“A half mile from the village, and double that distance from the Hall farm, on the height of land which rises pretty rapidly to the west; up past the graveyard, where Jimmy’s ancestors lie, was the school-house, where he got the rudiments of an education. It was a small, red, rather ancient and dilapidated structure, bearing the imprint on its knife-scored benches and walls, of the several generations of scholars who had passed its portals. It stood on the corner where two roads met, with no other building in sight, and would have presented a pretty bald aspect but for a fine piece of wood which lay across one of the roads from it. There was no legiti-

mate playground attached to the school-house, and the children used sometimes to trespass upon the adjacent fields, to the no small annoyance of the owner. I have heard him say that an appeal to James Hall's sense of right was not made in vain ; that when the matter was fairly set before him, he not only refrained from going on the fields himself, but induced his playmates, so far as his influence went, to do the same. So far as I can ascertain, Jimmy was regarded as an industrious but not a quick scholar, easily ruled by appeals to his honor or sense of right, but very stubborn against menaces or force."

This sketch contains the key, as we shall by-and-by discover, to some of the most important facts in the history we are now to pursue. Here are the forming incidents, the germinant sports, the "schools



and schoolmasters," as Hugh Miller would say, which developed and nurtured his ruling passion, and gave direction to his subsequent life.

At about the age of twelve, he was sent to a boys' school in Lima, N. Y. He had been there but a short time, when he was seized with a violent illness, and was reduced so low that his friends for a time despaired of his life. But it pleased God to arrest the disease, and restore him by a long process of recovery to health. He often spoke of that season of confinement and suffering, with the liveliest feelings of gratitude to his heavenly Father, and to those earthly friends that ministered to his wants.

Among his most vivid recollections of that period was the change that passed over Nature while he was prostrated and lost to all that was going on in the world.

He had last looked out upon leafless trees, and fields wearing the dull gray of early spring. When he had become strong enough to have his chair drawn to the window that he might look out again, he was astonished to find that the forests had put on a thick and heavy foliage, and the earth was covered with its richest green, and what seemed to him like the brightness of paradise was upon all the face of nature. It was to him, almost as if an instantaneous miracle had been wrought.

The impression which this sickness made upon his constitution was such, that for nearly two years, he was unfitted for any thing like close application to his studies.

After less than four months spent in Lima, he returned to his mother, who was now living in Jamestown, and passed most of his time there, for the next two years.

His strength was not sufficient for a constant attendance at school, and no habits of effective study were formed. His mind, however, was not idle. He made some progress in his studies, and indulged a growing taste for reading, giving his preference to such works as were in the vein of his cherished passion for a military life.

## CHAPTER III.

Waking up of Mind—Diary—Evening Meetings—  
“Goes Forward”—Later Account—Conscientious-  
ness—Value of the Evening Meetings—Joins the  
Church—Debating Club—Military Taste—West  
Point—Goes to Lowell.

ABOUT the beginning of the year 1858, his mind seems to have awaked to a more earnest purpose to turn his time to some good account. He commenced a diary, which he kept for years without the intermission of a day, and never discontinued, till the inevitable irregularities of a soldier's life compelled him to relinquish it. This diary is an invaluable guide in tracing his subsequent history. It marks the progress of his thought, and the growth of his mind. It begins with the

simplest record of what he did day by day. For many months it attempts nothing more than a bare statement of the events that occurred within his own little sphere of observation. No reflections, no comments. What it became afterwards, we shall see.

Among the incidents mentioned on the second page, is his attendance at a religious meeting in the evening. After this, such records become more frequent. But they state nothing more than the fact that he was present, except that in a few instances he names some of his young friends who attended with him, and occasionally remarks that the meeting was interesting.

But two years later he wrote, on some of the blank pages of the same book, several notes referring to his records in the early part of January, 1858, and throwing

important light upon the state of his mind at that time.

In one of these notes, he refers to January 6, and says—

“There were evening meetings for prayer in nearly all the churches about this time. My mother wished to have me attend them. She knew how important it was that I should give my heart to the Saviour while young. But my sinful heart never thought of it. My only excuse for staying away from these precious meetings, was that I must study evenings, in order to keep up with my class. I thought not of those precious words of Christ, ‘Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,’ but put off my mother’s prayers to a more convenient season.”

In another note, referring to his presence at an evening meeting, he says: "I did not attend on my own account, but to gratify the wishes of my friends. I was not willing yet to humble my pride and give my heart to Christ."

Five more evening meetings he mentions, which he attended, with no remark concerning them, except that at the fifth he and three other persons "went forward." Significant words! They told more truth than he was aware of when he wrote them. He afterwards felt that more should be said of the transactions of that evening. And when he penned the notes given above, he added another, referring to the record of January 16, 1858.

He says: "This evening I showed to the world that I should hereafter try to live for Christ. After the congregation was

dismissed I went forward with a few others to tell our feelings to the pastors. There was joy in heaven that night when each of us went home to give our hearts to Christ. A mother's prayers were answered."

"Here, Lord, I give myself away ;  
'Tis all that I can do."

"I was a wandering sheep,  
I did not not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home ;  
I did not love my Father's voice ;  
I loved afar to roam.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Shepherd sought His sheep ;  
The Father sought His child ;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill—  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love ;  
They saved the wandering one."



The proof that this change was genuine was soon apparent in the conscientious determination with which he resisted whatever seemed to him like a temptation to do wrong. He occasionally differed from some of his young friends in regard to questions of duty, and showed them at an early day that whenever these questions became practical, his own conscience, and not theirs, would decide his course. Where there seemed to be a doubt, he gave his conscience the benefit of the doubt, and kept on the side that was safe. He made very much of the evening meetings, and occasionally "spoke a few words for Christ." There is abundant evidence that these opportunities greatly aided his spiritual growth.

On the first Sabbath of April he was admitted to the church, and made a note of the fact, as also of his first communion

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season, in the same style of simple, brief statement as when he recorded his attendance at an evening meeting. He seems to have looked upon this as an unquestioned duty, and to have entered upon it in the same spirit of ready obedience that distinguished his piety from the first to the last.

We can say less of his emotions and exercises at this time, for the reason that his feelings did not seek an outflow in those permanent forms that they sought at a later day.

No one who remembers what he was at the time, however, will doubt that he was spiritually and thoroughly alive.

About this time, feeling the need of a new development of his intellectual powers, he joined a debating club, and grappled as well as he was able with the questions that he was called to discuss. Whether

from his own choice, or that of others, the questions assigned to him seem to have had a sort of military and patriotic drift, and accord with what we already know to have been a favorite current of his thought. His health was now so far restored as to bring back the question again, where and how his studies could be pursued to the best advantage. His own choice was to go to West Point at the earliest possible time. In this, however, he was overruled by the advice of his friends, from the impression that his strength was insufficient for the demands of a military institution.

The result of all their deliberations was that he was placed in the family of the author in Lowell, Mass., where he arrived on the 12th of June.

## CHAPTER IV.

Regularity of Habits—Morning Hours—Still Desires  
a Military Education—Reading—Diary—Progress.

He of course immediately commenced attending school.

With a view to make the most of his time, he fixed his hours for retiring at night and for rising in the morning, and adhered to them with great punctuality and strictness. Nine in the evening was his bed-time, and four, and afterwards half-past four, his hour of rising. To prevent sleeping over the time, he had an alarm attached to his clock. He at first took a walk at this early morning hour, regarding it as peculiarly favorable to health and vigor of mind, and more than

all, to religious meditation. I remember that on one occasion, as he came in fresh and ruddy with the glow of his morning walk, some one rallied him on the pains he had taken to deprive himself of a nice morning nap; he replied with a deep religious fervor that told of the deeper fountain of feeling within, "there is no time like the early morning hour for communion with God."

He afterwards substituted a cold bath in his room for the walk before breakfast.

I was not at this time aware of his deep-seated military tastes, and his intense yearning for a military education. Supposing from his first allusions to the subject that it was nothing more than a temporary impulse that, with judicious treatment, would soon pass away, and supposing, moreover, that his friends would be pleased to see it displaced by

other views, I lost no opportunity to impress upon him the belief that I then entertained, that he could make his life more useful to his country in a time of peace which was threatened with no interruption, and better consult his own religious progress by looking in another direction.

The result was that after a time he ceased to allude to the subject. I supposed that my object was gained. But in this, as it afterwards proved, I was mistaken. I had silenced his battery, but I had not dismounted his guns.

He diligently availed himself of the privileges of the city library, making a note of the various works which he drew, as he took them.

Here is the account of his first year's reading: "Poussin's Power and Progress of the United States;" "Life of Alexan-

der Hamilton," two volumes; "Irving's Life of Washington," four volumes; "Frost's Lives of American Generals;" "Life of General Scott;" "Guizot's Character and Influence of George Washington;" "Headley's Washington and His Generals;" "Headley's Life of Andrew Jackson;" "Scott's Napoleon."

It was not till January, 1859, that he began to comment on what he read. His diary now begins to record the points that interest him in his daily newspaper reading. He catches the rumor of approaching hostilities in Northern Italy, and notes the indications as they appear. When at length the war begins, he chronicles every event of it in the order in which it occurred. After his account of the battle of Montebello, he adds the prayer: "O God, grant that the Italians may soon be freed from their despotic rulers, and Europe restored to peace!"

## CHAPTER V.

Vacation—Equestrian Tour—Lexington—Plymouth—Boston—Faints from Exhaustion—Vermont—Drawing—Religious Conversation—Change in Style of Diary—Conflicts.

WHEN his spring vacation came, he determined to see some of the old battle fields of the Revolution and other historic monuments of New England. For this purpose he chose a horseback ride, and directed his course first to Lexington, where the first blood was spilled in the revolutionary struggle. Here he visited the scene of the battle, or rather of the massacre, in 1775, gazed upon the monument, read the names, and rode on through Waltham and Roxbury to Milton.

The next day he left his horse, and took the cars for Plymouth. Here, he says:



“After wandering about half an hour, I found the celebrated Plymouth Rock; it is inclosed by an iron fence, and ‘1620’ marked on its opposite sides. I could not get at it to touch it, and therefore tossed a pebble at it.” On his return he took Boston in his way, and riding to a stable in Bromfield Street, had scarcely dismounted before he found that he had overestimated his own powers of endurance. He fainted away in the stable, and was borne by strangers to a hotel. The next day he improved in Boston and Charlestown, visiting the navy yard, penitentiary, and other places of interest to him; and at two o’clock was in the saddle again, and at six back in Lowell with a rich harvest of experiences which he never forgot.

After resting a few days he started off in another direction, by rail, to visit places and friends whom he had never seen.

This excursion took him to Dover, Vt. Here he found the ancestral home of his mother, and living friends, who knew him at once, though they had never seen him before, by the strong family resemblances they traced, and gave him a hearty welcome.

The only incidents of special interest in this visit were, the affection with which he looked upon the house in which his mother was born, and took a sketch of it upon a card, which he afterwards enlarged with great care ; and his religious conversations with a relative who had no such convictions and hopes as he possessed. His rehearsal of those conversations, after his return, led me to look upon that as one of the sublimest passages of his life. Would to God that friend could read the brief notice which he has inserted in his

diary of his own earnest effort to do him good.

Soon after his return to Lowell, he adopted a plan of abbreviations and signs in his diary, which greatly diminished the amount of writing in giving the more ordinary occurrences of each day, and left more time and room for religious thoughts. And from this time his pages begin to be enriched with the earnest outpourings of his soul. Nor is it a bare repetition of the same things from day to day. His inner life comes out in all its variety. I was well aware that his patience was often sorely tried with the fact that his mind required more time than many, for his lessons.

His sickness, and the long period of comparative mental inactivity that necessarily attended his state of imperfect recovery, had put him at great disadvantage;

and he was long in getting the harness completely on. And his mind had perhaps natively more inertia than some.

And when he saw those who were quicker than himself to grasp a point, and who could accomplish in their seats at school, that which cost him weary hours at home, there was at times an uprising of feeling within, of which we did not know the strength. We heard him speak of it, and sometimes with emphasis. But not till his diary revealed it, did we know the intensity of the struggles it cost him. His manner with others was so uniformly calm, and his features, and the whole expression of his countenance bespoke so much serenity and good nature, that it was hard to imagine there could ever be any thing like an ungovernable tempest within. And I was at first at a loss to know what he meant as I read in his diary, on page after page, self-accusations like these :—

“Felt out of patience, and nervous; two or three times came very near letting my anger rise.”

“My angry passions conquered me this morning: O God, give me strength from on high, that I may be conquered no more.”

At other times he pours out his thanksgivings to God that he has been kept a whole week from being overthrown by his “evil passions.”

Once I find the following: “God helped me to conquer my passions; I felt so full of gratitude that I kneeled down and thanked Him, and gave Him the praise, and asked for His Holy Spirit still to aid me.”

His pages show less of this conflict as we follow him into the second year of his studies. As he advanced in the discipline of his mind, his whole nature seems to have been brought more and more under the control of religion.

## CHAPTER VI.

Doing Good—Stimulated by Examples—Evening Schools—New Year's Day—Resolutions.

HE felt a constant yearning to be useful to others. This not only gave form to his prayers, but led to positive efforts. He persuaded his young friends to attend the Sabbath school. He was constant in his attendance at the weekly prayer-meetings, and ready to bear his part. And here he found a peculiar stimulus to his religious aspirations. Among the young men whose voices he heard at these evening meetings, there were two whom he especially admired. To be like *them*,—to equal the one in the transparent loveliness of his character, and the other in the clearness and vigor of

his thought, was, for a time, his highest ambition.

It was a goal that seemed not too far ahead to animate his present strivings, and toil and discipline of mind. Little did those young men know what a fire their words were enkindling in his soul!

He was present one evening when an appeal was read from one who had the care of the free evening schools for volunteers to *teach* in those schools. This was a work of benevolence, *purely*, and required two evenings of each week, without compensation, other than the sense of doing good. He needed but the notice, and his determination was fixed. He immediately entered into the service, and continued in it till the schools were closed for the season, and resumed it the following year, as soon as they were re-opened. He believed

in preparing for future usefulness, by actual present usefulness.

As he was about closing his diary for 1859, he said: "One year ago I glanced over the pages of this diary, then unwritten, and wondered what I should write here, and what there, and even if God would spare my life till this day. And here I am; 1859 is numbered with the past. . . . I thank my God that He has preserved my life and my health; that He has permitted me to stay in such a blessed family, where I am not liable to fall into temptation; and also to enjoy the privilege of a good school. . . . I praise Him, moreover, that He has permitted me to enjoy a delightful visit at home, among my friends, and has allowed my brother and sisters to come and visit me; and for many, many other blessings;



to Him be all the praise, and glory, now and forever.

“THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

“I cannot say much of the future, because it is all unknown. But as I enter upon another year, I consecrate all I have to my God, and to His service ; my heart, my soul, my body, and all that is dear to me on earth ; all I give to Him who made me, and gave me all that I have for no other purpose than that I should glorify Him. And if God should see fit to take me away from this world, during the year, I resolve to try, by the grace of God, and the help of the Holy Spirit, to live such a life, that when I lay down on my death-bed, I may look back upon it with pleasure, thinking that I have done all I could for the glory of God, the good of my country,

and the advancement of the kingdom of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“To this intent, I, James Hall, do try and purpose, by the grace of God, and the help of the Holy Spirit, to live up, as far as possible, to these ten resolutions.

“1. I resolve never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it all to the best advantage, so as to fit myself for a useful life, if I am permitted to live.

“2. I resolve never to be ashamed of true religion, or of the name of Jesus, nor to be afraid to speak in defence of the same.

“3. I resolve always to do what I consider my duty, whatever difficulties or embarrassments I meet with, and how many soever, or how great soever they may be.

“4. I resolve that ‘upon all proper occasions I will reprove vice, and discounte-

nance it, and, to my utmost, encourage virtue and religion.’\*

“5. I resolve to pray often to my God in secret, and always thus to do at morning and evening.

“6. I resolve to make it my daily practice to read carefully, at least a chapter, and to commit to memory one or more verses in the Holy Scriptures.

“7. I resolve to spend my Sabbaths in thinking of, and studying the Word of God and religious books.

“8. I resolve to do all the good I possibly can; and to spend my life in doing good.

“9. I resolve ‘to live with all my might while I do live.’†

\* “Copied from a resolution in Todd’s Student’s Manual,” p. 300.

† “Copied from the sixth of seventy resolutions of President Edwards.”

“10. I resolve that I will read these resolutions often, to see wherein I have failed to live up to any of them.”

It should be remembered that he was only sixteen years of age when the above was written. I fear that some who read this will have to accuse themselves of suffering a longer time to pass before such resolutions were adopted.

## CHAPTER VII.

Expansion—The Teacher Taught—Sleigh Ride—Help in his Lessons — Prayer-Meetings — Method to Awaken to Religious Thought—Fall of the Pemberton Mill—New Impulse—Sabbath Reading—Breakfast-Table Texts—Self-Denial—Washington's Birthday.

HIS diary for 1860 was commenced in a book nearly twice as large as the former ones, and written with superior neatness and care. In this he was not limited to a small portion of a page for each day, as he had been by the divisions for the days in the others, but gave himself room according to the flow of his thought. Take a specimen from one of the first pages, of his manner of taking lessons for his own life from things that would with multitudes pass unnoticed.

He had observed that his pupils in the evening schools generally wished to begin with more advanced lessons than they were prepared to undertake. They insisted on beginning where they left off when last in school. This he says was uniformly true of those who were under twelve years of age. And it was only by the trial that they could be convinced that they were wrong. But one evening he found a pupil waiting for him, who was nearly thirty years of age. He told him how far he had been in his arithmetic, but without waiting for the suggestion to be made, said of his own accord, that it would be better for him to go back and review.

“Now this,” he says, “does not appear to be a very uncommon or striking occurrence. But this difference between those who are older and more experienced, and of better judgment, and the younger who

are just the opposite of all this, taught me a lesson which I will never forget. I have learned from this, that when those who have already trod the pathway in which I am walking, kindly admonish me and point out its dangers, I must not disdain to heed them as I have so often done, and as others have done. God help me.” He seems never to have neglected, after this, to record any thing that made any distinct impression on his mind. A few evenings later, he happened to be on the heights across the river for the first time, when the mills were lighted for the evening work. He says: “Returning from a sleigh ride, I saw the mills for about half a mile along the Merrimac River, for the first time, all lighted up; and a more beautiful sight I never saw. They looked like walls of gold.” His sleigh ride made him too drowsy for study after his return, and

caused him to sleep over his time, in spite of his alarm the next morning. And this was one of the few occasions when he was willing that I should aid him in his Greek. He says he was "obliged to receive aid," which he adds, "I never do, except in such cases; for I prefer to study it out myself, knowing that it will do me more good."

At the end of the first week, he writes: "I have had a happy new year thus far. My passions have not got the start of me once, though they tried it many times. To God be the praise."

He was greatly interested in the prayer-meetings that were sustained by the boys of the High school at this time. He made a distinct record of every one of them, and of the high hopes which he entertained of a great blessing upon the school through them. Sometimes the number attending them, was small, not exceeding three, and



yet he had “a blessed time.” He persuaded some of his young friends who were without religion to attend them, in the hope that the meetings would do them good. He says of one of them, “he is an excellent boy, but he does not yet know the blessedness of trusting in a risen Saviour, though he believes in Him. In order to lead him to become interested in religion, I wrote a question and handed it to him after the Sabbath school concert in the evening, and requested him to write the answer. If he was not decided what to write, I desired him to study it until he was decided. The question was this:—“We must have been created for *something*: for what purpose were we created?” We took a walk after meeting, and I got into conversation with him about religion, told him my experience, and God grant that I may be successful in winning him to Christ. Had a pleasant

talk, as I always have, when it is about religion." This is only one of several conversations on this subject which he mentions. Of one he says: "I introduced the subject of religion. But my friend was not inclined to talk much about it, though he conversed quite freely a few moments before about skating. Ah! God know, and I know, and all Christians know, that he will not love religion until Jesus gives him a new heart. God grant that he may soon seek it."

The fall of the Pemberton Mill, in Lawrence, and the fearful loss of life by the catastrophe, gave an additional impulse to his religious zeal. His efforts to do good among his young friends became very abundant, and he speaks of the meetings for prayer in a manner that shows that his heart was in them. Of one of them, he says: "Four of us, High school boys had a

delightful prayer-meeting, and our hopes were greatly strengthened that our prayers will soon be answered, and that we shall see the fruits of our meeting together, in that recitation room full of penitent sinners inquiring the way to Christ. God grant that it may be so."

In his desire to turn his Sabbaths to the best possible account, he had searched my library, until he alighted upon the three volumes by George Smith, entitled "The Patriarchal Age," "The Hebrew People," and "The Gentile Nations"; and in these he found the very food his mind was intensely craving. No Sabbath school narrative, however *interesting* or even thrilling, it might be pronounced, could win him away from these. He says: "In reading only a few pages, I learned more about the Bible than I ever knew before." He soon afterward made a proposition at the break-

fast table that each one should be required to repeat a new verse from the Scriptures each morning at the table, or forfeit three cents to be paid into the Sabbath school treasury ; and in case it should be entirely forgotten and omitted by us all, that sum should be assessed upon every one. This was, of course, acceded to, and at the end of one month he records that he had collected fifty-seven cents, of which eighteen had been scored against himself.

An instance of his faithfulness to duty, when it led him in the way of self-denial, is seen in the following. A lecture was appointed for Henry Ward Beecher on one of the evenings that he had devoted to the evening school. He greatly desired to hear Mr. Beecher, never having seen him. And he would have been readily excused, if he had asked it. But he says: "I considered it my duty to attend the school, and felt

happy in so doing. From this, too, I learned a lesson, and God grant that I may always live up to it: and that is, to do my duty, whatever pleasure or self-gratification may solicit me away from it."

Let us see what were his thoughts as he came to the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

"February 22. To-day is the birthday of General George Washington,—that great and good man,—the Father of his country,—the man who fought for freedom and won! Oh that I could be as good and noble as he! Not for the praise of men, but of God. But I trust I am not made for nothing: God has a work for me to do. I will labor on, hope on, and trust on, for I know that He is leading me on to some work of usefulness. Oh that I might do it acceptably to Him!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

Manner of Reading—Rehearsals—College-Life Contemplated—Studies—Room-Mate—Vacation—Sickness—Reflections—New Exercise—Rowing—Visit of Friends—Home Again.

ABOUT this time the question was pressing heavily upon him, how to make his reading most useful to himself; how to make it strengthen his memory instead of weakening it, and how to insure the habit of obtaining a clear understanding of every page that he read. He found that he sometimes read a portion of a page in a sort of revery or abstraction of thought that made him unconscious of what he had read. To remedy this, he says he “determined to limit his reading; to assign for himself, definitely, the number of pages to

be read, before commencing, and then to read carefully and understand it all ; and after reading the specified amount, to review it mentally, and recall as much of it as he could."

Another plan, which he soon afterward adopted, was to associate another person with himself in the matter, and "each deliver to the other a lecture" on what he had read. And if any of our young readers, or any of our older readers, can devise better methods than these to accomplish this object, we shall be glad to hear from them.

He had now reduced his arrangements for each day of the week to such perfect system, that he records that "he has a plenty of time for every thing," and nothing was crowded out its time. This was a condition of things that he greatly

prized ; for he had known what it was to be pressed for time.

Early in the spring he received a letter from his cousin in Yale College, of which he says: " Truly has my Sabbath school teacher, Mr. W., said, that a very little thing sometimes changes the whole course of a person's life. This letter has made me think more seriously about preparing for college ; a thing which I have always thought I should never undertake. But I am now led to believe that it would do very much to prepare me for the usefulness to which I trust God is leading me on." His studies, under the advice of his friends, had for many months been the same that he would have taken had he been looking forward to a college course. He now began to take a new interest in them as having a place in a more distinctly formed plan.



His purpose to go to college became more and more fixed, and his inquiries and efforts had a more constant reference to it.

Soon after this, a relative from Kiantone, younger than himself, joined him, and became his room-mate. This event he hailed with the liveliest interest. His spare hours were occupied with new plans to impart pleasure, and he was regaled in turn with sprightly wit.

His spring vacation which he had intended to pass in New Haven and New York, opened with a sickness that seized him without warning, the very day that he had intended to start. He was taken with sudden faintness at the door, and fell upon the pavement. For several days he was confined to his bed, and had the constant care of a physician.

We were absent attending the anniver-

saries in New York, and he took care that we should not be informed of his sickness till our return, lest it should interrupt our plans and cause us to hasten back.

With the excellent nursing of his roommate, he felt that he was doing as well as if we were present ; and he makes special record of his indebtedness to him, as also of the kind attentions of teachers and friends. But these come in as incidents. He pours out his gratitude chiefly to the Great Author of all his mercies. Take the following, with which he concludes his notice of his sickness :—“ I was disappointed ; but I would rather be sick now than in term time, on account of my lessons. Oh how good God is to confer upon me so much health, and all these blessings which I enjoy ! I acknowledge them all as coming from His hand. And if He sees fit to take away health for a little

season, it is only that I may be more thankful for the blessings of health. I thank Him with all my heart, every day, for His mercies. God is good. God is love. Every thing that He does is just and good. I will trust in Him as long as I live. Whether He lays me upon the bed of sickness to suffer there for years, or gives me the blessings I now enjoy, and greater blessings than these,—whatever may come, whether disappointments and sorrows and afflictions, or joys and pleasures and peace, as long as I remain on earth I will praise the Lord, and acknowledge that all His ways are just and good; and I try, and *will* try, with the aid of His Holy Spirit, for which I pray every day, to submit with cheerfulness to whatever He may lay upon me.”

When the term began, he found himself too weak to go out, or to study, and was

obliged to content himself within doors, whiling away his time as best he could for several days. As soon as it was prudent he was in his school again, and doing his best, both there and at home, to make up the lost time.

For his exercise, he now betook himself to rowing. With his room-mate and another friend he engaged a boat for the season, and made it both their exercise and their amusement to row up the river and sail down again with the current and the wind. He enjoyed this so much, and found it so useful to his health, that after the season for it was over, he determined to provide for the same exercise in a still more satisfactory form another year.

One of the pleasant incidents of the summer was a visit from his mother and sister near the close of the term, and his return home to Jamestown in their company.

## CHAPTER IX.

Substitute for Rowing—Wherry-building Model—Description—Industry—Balance of Powers—Observation—Historic Record—Flag-Raisings—New Diary, Enlarged Scale—Opening.

ANOTHER vacation, and we find him back again in Lowell, with the same earnest purposes, and hearty devotion to the work before him. The season was soon too far advanced for his favorite exercise of rowing, and one rainy Wednesday afternoon, we find him closeted with a young friend, and at work upon a model for a wherry. They are each to have one, and each is to make his own. It will furnish useful and interesting exercise for the autumn and the winter, and will at the same time improve their mechanical skill.

After toiling awhile upon their model, they learn that a young friend has one that is regarded as perfect, and will allow them to copy it. Perhaps some of my youthful readers will be interested to know that the boat was to be twenty-two feet long, and when completed, to weigh less than ninety pounds; and that being constructed with tight air-chambers, that occupied the entire boat, except so much room as was required for a seat in the middle, it would not sink if the open space should be filled with water while the rower was in it. It had this further advantage, that in ascending a river, when he came to a dam, or to rapids, where it was impossible to be carried up the stream by his boat, he could carry that, and take passage again where the water was smooth.

The model once arranged, no time is lost in getting the lumber and other

material, and beginning the work.— Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and so long as there is any daylight after school hours on other days, he is diligently at work.

This enthusiasm for a new object, was not, however, at the cost of any neglect of his studies. The intense application of more than two years was now yielding its invaluable fruit in a greatly increased facility of learning, so that the ordinary lessons of school could be mastered in less time. This gave him more time for exercise, but none to waste. And he had no disposition to waste a moment.

But he never forgot that all his powers required training. It was not his ideal to be a school-boy, and nothing else, nor to be an athlete and nothing else. He knew that his conversational powers required training; and he allotted a reasonable

amount of time to visiting and social life. He knew the importance of correct business habits ; and hence he kept so accurate an account of his expenditures, that in making up his cash account for the year, he could reckon with himself for every cent. This was not from his love of money, but from his desire to be accurate.

This was one of the problems which he assigned to himself. He held himself to account for his time, and why not for his money ? But the principal reason was, his desire to form himself to habits of exactness, as he well knew how much would depend upon such habits in the larger affairs which he confidently expected to deal with at some future day.

It needs to be said, moreover, in order that the leading facts of his history as yet to be given, may appear in their true light, that he was the heir of an amount of wealth



that has often proved more than sufficient to ruin young men who have had more to restrain them than he. No one ever detected any thing like ostentation, and no one would have suspected from any thing that was seen in him, that he had more than would be needed to educate him.

The only allusions to his property that ever escaped him, were when he was declaring the deep purpose of his soul to be useful in the world. At such times he was accustomed to say, that not only his powers of mind, but his property were consecrated to God, and that he intended it should be used to do good in the world.

He saw the importance, too, of cultivating habits of observation and general knowledge. He saw what was passing in society, and intended to learn something from every wise man, and from every fool.

He suffered nothing of importance to escape him that the newspapers contained. His diary affords a chronological index of the whole progress of the Italian war. He trained himself, too, to turn his hand and his thoughts to any new demand of the times. If there was to be a flag-raising, he would neither refuse to make a speech, nor to preside. He did both. It was amid demands of this sort, and patriotic excitements, that he closed his account with the year 1860.

His journal is a model of neatness, and is a complete history of every day of the year. As he entered upon the year 1861, he seems to have determined that his journal should be as much an improvement upon the one just completed, as that was upon its predecessor. Accordingly, he procured a folio volume, and thus opened his account with the new year:—

“Another year has passed, and I am still among the living, a monument of God’s mercy. Blessed be His holy name!” Then follows a recapitulation of the prominent blessings of the year, with appropriate expressions of gratitude, and a renewal of the resolutions of the previous new year’s day. Thus, in several large and closely written pages, he reviews the past, consecrates himself anew to the Christian life, and defines his own course in the world.

Having thus laid out the work of life anew, nothing remained but to lay upon each day, as it came, its own share of the burden of its accomplishment.

And his faithful record of the manner in which each day was spent shows us the promise well redeemed.

## CHAPTER X.

Political Aspects Threatening—His Feelings—Letter—National Fast—Request—Answer Delayed—Sabbath—Passing Events—Faithfulness in Other Things.

NEITHER his journal nor his letters contain any distinct statement of the feelings with which he watched the course of the government and of the conspirators in and out of Congress, until the 4th and 5th of January, 1861. Under the former date in his journal, and the next day in a letter to his mother, the one being mainly a copy of the other, he expressed himself thus.

“Yesterday was Fast Day, appointed by President Buchanan as a day to be set apart for a national fast and prayer for the

preservation and peace of the Union. There was no school, and I do not think I should have gone if there had been one. Not that I wished to have a vacation and spend the day in having a good time, but because I love the country which our fathers bought with so dear a price, and which is destined, if God continues to shower down his blessings upon it as he has done, to rank the chief nation on the globe. And I do not wish to see it destroyed, especially, by a few ambitious fellows who take advantage of this present time, under the administration of a President who has not determination enough to enforce the laws, and who can be easily frightened out of any thing by threats. And I wished to be among those who trusted in God alone, for the preservation and future prosperity of these States. The affair is all in His hands. He who

knows the future as well as the present, will adopt the best measures and the wisest plans to bring about that which will be for His own glory and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, even if he takes the madness and follies of men as the instruments to bring it about. We therefore fasted\* and prayed, (at least I did,) that if it were possible, this cup might pass from us; that this Union might not be dissolved; that no civil war might be brought on; that not one drop of blood might be shed; but that righteousness and the fear of God might be the stability of this nation; that peace, harmony and prosperity might ever be here enjoyed; and that this might become a people whose God is the Lord. Nevertheless, not as we will, but as Thou wilt."

\* His journal says, "I fasted, eating only a slight breakfast, and no dinner."

His letter then introduces a brief account of the public services of the National Fast, which he attended, and passes from that, to what was evidently its chief design. He saw that the nation was drifting into a civil war; and though no one of those who shared his daily intimacies suspected it, his own resolution to bear arms for his country at her first call, if the consent of his mother could be obtained, was already taken. To obtain this consent he wrote as follows:—

“ We know not what the state of our country is coming to. Whether civil war may spread its horrors through the land, or peace its tranquillity. Only One knows, and we must trust in Him for the issue. But come what may, I wish to be prepared to meet it, and do my part. If peace, then I wish to meet the duties which peace

has in store for me ; but if war, and if it has duties for me to perform, then I wish to do them. Therefore if the latter should come, I wish to have your permission to go, for I honor you too much to go without ; but it would be a severe trial to me to remain at home, if civil war should come, and you should refuse to let me go ; still, I should resist the temptation of running away. God would be with me if I went, and on Him would I rest, and if He should see fit to take me away from this world, I should rather die in a good cause, than in no cause at all.

“ If the war should not become general, I should not go ; but if the Southerners should attempt to seize the capital of the United States—as we have rumors that they are making ready to do, though it is probable that it is nothing but rumor—and a general war should ensue in this or some



other way, I want your permission to go ; and will you give it? I ask you thus early, for we know not, if war should break out, how soon."

Thus did he put the matter, and thus, as far as he himself was concerned, he left it. Letter after letter came from his mother, but no answer to the question he had so distinctly asked. Yet no complaint escaped him, and no allusion is found in his diary to his disappointment, and his letters contained no reiteration of his request. It afterwards appeared that his letter was answered in January ; but the answer was not received by him till more than two months after the time of his writing.

He had simply discharged what he felt to be one duty, and in the same spirit he took up the next.

The next day was the Sabbath—another new year's Sabbath. He records the topic of the new year's sermon, "The duty of forming good resolutions, or of reviewing and re-adopting the good resolutions of the past," and adds, "I have already formed nearly all the resolutions that were mentioned, and help me, O God, to keep them."

He speaks of participating in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, thus: "I partook of the bread and wine in remembrance of Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and by whose stripes we are healed. Blessed be His holy name."

He continued to watch and record the events which foreshadowed greater events, and stated the reasonings and conclusions which he adopted in view of them. He mentions the departure of the "Star of

the West," for Fort Sumter, and states what will be the effect if the enterprise is accomplished without opposition from the people of South Carolina; and what, if they resist it.

Three days later, (January 11,) he records the outrage that was perpetrated upon the "Star of the West," and declares that "the war has of course begun."

In his next entry he says: "Things are changing very fast at the present time, and it requires a great deal of reading to keep up with the times. How plain we can see the hand of God working in all these changes, and how sure and onward is the advance of the kingdom of Christ all over the world! It will not be long, I trust, before the kingdoms of the whole earth will become as one kingdom under the rule of Jesus Christ, the Lord of lords and King of kings. God grant, if it is

His will, that I may live to see it, and that I may do something towards its advancement."

Four days later, he says: "Things at the South are growing worse every day. Georgia will secede by next Saturday, and a new provisional government will be immediately formed, and a southern President and Vice-President chosen. South Carolina demands Fort Sumter, and will capture it if refused."

These incidents are not, however, the staple of his record. He gives the lessons of each day, as usual; comments upon the lectures before the Mechanics' Association; the sermons on the Sabbath; the exercises of the Sabbath school, and of the evening schools; and incidents of a personal character, and of no interest but to himself.

He gives a minute account of a Sab-

bath school festival, with the preparations for which he had much to do. Thus he gave himself to the ordinary and extraordinary demands of each day, precisely as if no great and exciting question had taken hold of the deepest feelings of his heart.

## CHAPTER XI.

Vacation — Monthly Concert — Seamen — National Troubles—Sabbath School Concert—Impressions—His Mother's Permission Received—Paleontology—Mr. Rarey—Fort Sumter—President's Proclamation—Departure of the Sixth Regiment—Silence—Avowal of his Design—Letter—Baltimore Tragedy.

MEANTIME the month of February opened, and as the winter term of the school which he attended was drawing to a close, he occupied himself still more intensely than usual with his studies and with preparations for the public examination that was approaching. His interest in the national troubles, however, was by no means abated. On the contrary it was steadily increasing, but firm in his determination to allow nothing to interfere with the fulfilment of

his daily duties he did not permit his mind to be thrown from its balance by the excitements of the day. The cause of Christ, was after all, the object dearest to him, and whatever tended to the advancement of His kingdom in the world awoke his zeal. About this time he became interested in the circulation of Bibles and religious books among the sailors. He speaks of it in an account which he gives in his journal of a monthly concert for the cause of missions. He writes as follows: "I learn a great deal by going to these meetings, and they always inspire me with new vigor to do more for Christ and the advancement of His kingdom. I learned this evening what great wonders God is doing on the sea; how many sailors he is bringing to a knowledge of Himself; and how important it is that the sailor should be a Christian, as his influence extends all over the world, and

how much good he could do to the heathen, into whose ports he sails and where he has an influence either for good or evil. I pray God that He will enable me to do much good for this class of men."

His school term closed the ninth of February, and he speaks of his examination in a manner which shows that he was not dissatisfied with the progress he had made in his studies. His vacation of two weeks was spent in studying Phonography, (which he thought would be of use to him in saving a portion of the time which was consumed in a more laborious method of writing,) in reading Rollin's Ancient History, firing at a mark, and working on his boat, with such other exercise as would tend to the best development of his muscular strength. With the beginning of a new term of study we find him noticing again the muttering of the storm, still in the



distance, which had been threatening the peace of the country, but which for a short time previous had seemed less imminent. He mentions in his journal the arrival of the new President in Washington, and his inaugural address, which was regarded by the South as a declaration of war. Still as no new aggressive action had been taken by the seceders, he reasoned that their movements would end in noise and smoke, or that they "would get to quarreling among themselves before long and secede from one another." "But time," he adds, will show, and I will prophecy as little as possible."

We come next upon a page which shows how open his mind was to every method of spiritual instruction, and how it reveled in the sublimities of religion.

"After church, in the afternoon, I helped arrange the seats in the vestry for the Sabbath school concert this evening, which

proved exceedingly interesting. Mr. E. is going to give a course of lectures on the Bible, commencing at Genesis, the first of which was delivered this evening. Subject, 'The Creation.' He exhibited some beautiful illustrations of the creation of our world by means of the magnificent 'stereophan,' which has been lately brought from England. It would be almost impossible for me to write all that I learned this evening, for want of time. But although I cannot have it in this book, still I shall try to remember what I have learned and profit by it. Mr. E. set forth very clearly what geology shows concerning the truth of the Bible, and how exactly it coincides with the Mosaic account. It seems almost as if God had treasured up in the bowels of the earth, these fossils, which are found so abundantly, on purpose to impress upon man more irresistibly the *truth* of His holy

word, that blessed book, the only guide to heaven. As I think of all that God has done, the millions of worlds He has made, their wonders and glories ; as I meditate on what I already know, — and what do I know ? It is but as a drop of water compared to the mighty ocean,—as I dwell upon the wisdom, the glory, the power, the justice and the goodness of the Eternal God, I cannot but exclaim, What a God ! What a God ! What a God ! And what is man that He is mindful of him ? And yet He deigns to supply all our wants, and gives us every needed blessing. And though we are so sinful, yet in the name of His Son we can commune with Him and call Him Father. What a God ! What a blessed, good, lovely and gracious God ! I will trust in Him as long as I live, so help me Holy Spirit ! What a pleasure it is to think that we have *all* the long, long,

glorious eternity before us to study such a God and His wondrous works.”

The next page in his diary contains the first allusion for more than two months to his request for permission from his mother to join the army in case there should be a demand for recruits. He says: “Received two letters from mother, one of which was written in January, but was not put into the box. In this she gave me permission to join the army if there should be war between the North and the South, in answer to my letter of January fifth. But she hoped there would be no need of my going, and I hope so too. And I pray God that if it be His will He would preserve us from bloodshed and civil war. But if the blow must come, I shall share it with my fellow-countrymen.”

During the next two or three weeks he records at some length, his impressions

while attending a course of illuminated lectures on Paleontology, by Mr. Brown, of Lowell, with an account of each lecture. He mentions, also, the narrative by Rev. Mr. Lindley, of the condition of the Zulus in South Africa, among whom he was a missionary, declaring the intense interest with which he listened to him. He gives a long abstract, too, of a lecture by Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, in which he presents the chief points in his method of managing that animal. He worked also with increasing assiduity on his boat, as he saw the season approaching when he would wish to use it. Each Sabbath brought also its record of privileges in church and Sabbath school, and of his own improvement of them.

As the middle of April drew on, the telegraph brought the news of the bombard-

ment of Fort Sumter, and convulsed the nation as with an electric shock.

Let him tell how it affected him.

Under date of April 15, his journal says: "Major Anderson, after two days' fighting, has evacuated Fort Sumter, for the want of provisions and men; also, because the barracks in the fort caught fire, so that he could not fight any longer. He stood it bravely. President Lincoln has issued a proclamation, calling on the several States to furnish seventy-five thousand troops to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union, and put down the combinations at the South against the United States. The war spirit at the North is rising. My war spirit is also rising."

The next day the school were allowed a recess, to witness the departure of the Lowell soldiers for Washington. Short

addresses were made to them in Huntington Hall, and an immense crowd cheered them as they left. Of this he wrote: "This is pretty prompt replying; for only yesterday was the proclamation of the President, and to-day they obey the summons. I desired much to go, but I honor my good mother too much to go without her permission or knowledge."

As yet no one had heard him say a word of his desire to bear his part in the struggle. Unknown to others, he had recorded his thoughts in his diary, and once, more than three months before, he had written them to his mother. It was observed that while others gave vent to the excitement of the hour, he was silent. The most glowing outbursts of patriotic feeling, the most stirring invectives against the heartless traitors who were surrendering the nation's birthright for an empty dream, elicited no

response. His heart felt it all, but it moved him to deeds, not to words. But now came the time to declare himself. And his method was his own. Two days after he made the above record, he came into my study with an open letter in his hand, and said, "Here is a letter which I have written to my mother, which will show you what I am contemplating." I read the letter, pronounced it, as it was, a surprise to me, and only added that as he had not submitted it to me for consultation or advice, but merely to reveal a foregone conclusion, I had of course nothing to say in the way of counsel, but thought he might render a useful service to the cause which lay so near his heart, if he would allow me to copy a part of it and publish it.

This he declined, without giving a reason. But I find the reason recorded in his journal. He says: "I showed the letter to



Mr. S—— before sending it home, only to let him know my intentions ; and to my great surprise he wished me to give him permission to publish it, thinking it might do some good. But I refused, because it was not, in my opinion, worth that trouble, and moreover I was afraid that if he did, I should begin to think a little more highly of myself than I ought to think.”

A copy of the letter is here inserted.

“LOWELL, Wednesday, }  
April 17, 1861. }

“DEAR MOTHER,—The war has actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the South may bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms.

“The country is in danger, and she cries for help. Who will hold back or even hesitate in this emergency? Not I. You have given me liberty to fight for her, if

called upon. Thank God for such a mother who will not shrink to yield her son for her country's good. My country calls for me to prepare for her defence, and it is my duty to obey. . . . It is my intention to join a company, unless you say something to the contrary, which, in my opinion, you will not do if you are a true patriot. . . . I should rather join one in New York; and if — company, which I hear is formed on religious principles, has not yet been called into active service, and will receive me into their ranks, I will leave my pleasant situation here, my good school, and the affectionate friends I have found, and join that company as soon as you give me permission to do it.

“ Please not think from what I have said that I wish to go home, because B—— has gone, or that I have got tired of study, for it is not so.



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“I love my country, and in the time of peace I will live for her, and do for her all the good that I can, but in the time of war, when she is in danger, and calls for aid, I will fight for, and, if need be, die for her. I do pray for her, but I wish to act as well as pray. . . . If — company will not receive me, please ask my brother what company I can join either in Jamestown or any where else. There will be more companies formed here; but I do not think it will be as well for me to join them; for I could not keep up my studies as well, and I should not want to be here unless I attended school. Tell my brother that I am healthy and strong, thank God, and shall, I think, be able, if God permits, to stand the wars, if called into active service.

“You may say the country has all the soldiers she has called for, for the present. That may be. But I feel it a duty of mine

to prepare, in case she should want more. You may say that my age may excuse me ; eighteen being the required age. But I shall soon be old enough, and I feel no desire to shrink from my country's call for that reason. I know that God is directing. He will do what is right. And since He has arrayed one section of this nation against another, it is His will that it should be so ; and therefore, I can say, with a trusting heart, 'Thy will be done.' He will bring out issues from these troubles, which will be the best for the advancement of the kingdom of our Saviour, which is His great aim, though our nation may be shattered and torn. Moreover, the bondman may have his chains unloosed, and this land be no more polluted with slavery. Therefore, if I join the army, if I fight or die for my country's cause, I feel and know that it would not be altogether for my

country, for I trust that this is the Lord's war, and that these are His armies; and if I should fight, I should be fighting also for my God, and doing His will; and if I die, I should die with the blessed assurance that He doeth all things well, and that it was His will that I should die, nor would it be in vain. Therefore, I will trust in God, whether in peace or war, in prosperity or adversity, I will put my trust in Him, feeling assured that whatsoever He does with me, is just, and right, and good.

“Please answer this within three days after you receive it, if you can.

“From your affectionate son,

“JAMES HALL.”

Two days after this was written, came the news of the Baltimore tragedy, Lowell's first offering of blood in the cause of the nation, and every heart felt the thrill.

Still he gave no utterance to his feelings among his friends. He barely recorded the fact in his journal, with the remark—  
“On the 19th of April, 1775, blood was first shed by Massachusetts in the revolutionary war, and now on the 19th of April, 1861, blood is first spilled by Massachusetts in civil war.”



## CHAPTER XII.

Time Seems Long—Proposal to Telegraph—Answer Received—Permission to Leave School and Enlist—Flag-Raising—Decision—Letter—Boats Launched—Reflections—Military Funeral—Parting Feelings—Reached Home—Begins to Drill at once.

HIS quiet demeanor was no true index, however, of the pent-up feelings which he was restraining, and to which he so persistently denied an utterance. Four days after his letter to his mother was written, feeling that he could hardly endure the suspense a full week, which would be required by the ordinary course of mail, he came to me, and said, "I am thinking of telegraphing to mother, to know the substance of her reply before I can get an answer by mail."

He asked me to advise him in the matter, and was easily persuaded to wait. His letter was promptly answered, and in a single week he received the reply. He says: "Mother hesitates about my enlisting in the army, for fear I could not endure the hardships, but leaves it to my sense of duty. It is a beautiful letter, and full of Christian advice, and may God bless her."

The next day he received another letter from his mother, in which she gave him liberty, in express terms, "to come home and enlist if he thought it to be his duty." He declares his determination to wait until he "gets all the letters in which he expects advice, and then decide immediately."

While he is waiting, he interests himself in a flag-raising at the High school, which he records with his usual minuteness. He was requested to speak on the occasion, and among his papers has been found the

speech which he delivered. It may interest our readers to see it. It is short, and made up in part of quotations from other authors. But even in this view, he had no occasion to be ashamed of it, for it shows that in quoting, he knew how to select that which was to his purpose. In the first quotation, many will recognize the words of the lamented Senator Baker.

The speech is as follows:—

“My Schoolmates:—We have assembled here to testify our love for our country. And what is our country? ‘Is it the soil on which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is it our luxury, and pomp, and pride? Nay, more than these! Is it power, and might, and majesty alone? No! our country is more, far more than all these. The country which demands our love, our courage, our devotion, our

hearts' blood, is more than all these. Our country is the history of our fathers—our country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past renown—our country is present pride and power—our country is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory, truth, constitutional liberty,—above all, freedom forever. These are the watchwords under which we fight, and we will shout them till the stars appear in the sky, in the stormiest hour of battle.'

“It is indeed, then, a goodly heritage, handed down to us by our fathers. It was reared by their wisdom, and cemented by their blood, and why should we not love it? It is a land where we are not oppressed by the sway of tyrants, nor subject to the will of cruel masters; but it is a free land, and why should we not devote ourselves to its welfare? And now as we

unfurl the flag of our country, we show forth in the act, that we do *love* our country—that its institutions, its laws, its rulers, its people, are dear to our hearts. And to-day our hearts are drawn nearer, and our love becomes stronger for this ensign of our country. And why? Because it has been insulted, and torn down, and trodden under foot by ambitious men. With good reason, then, do we now unfurl it, to testify that *we* are still standing by it; to testify that *we* will never desert it; to testify that when our country is in danger, as it is to-day, *we* will, if necessary, *fight* for it, and, if necessary, *die* for it. And may God help us. For when that flag is insulted, our country is insulted, our homes are insulted, our friends are insulted, *ourselves* are insulted,—and will any of us bear it? It is, therefore, natural and reasonable that all of us

should desire to go forth and defend it, and keep ourselves from being disgraced.

‘Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This my own—my native land?’

And now when our country is shattered and torn, and our capital—the very heart of this nation—is almost in the hands of traitors; when our rulers are in danger for their very lives; when our flag has been insulted, and ourselves disgraced;—  
• breathes there a man or woman with soul so dead, as to refuse, or even hesitate, to go forth and defend her, if need be? God forbid. It would be better, far better for that person, if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depths of the sea. May we, then, be ready at all times to go forth, when called upon, not only to endanger our lives, but

to yield *up* our lives in defence of this flag—our country's flag!

‘Flag of the free heart’s hope and home,  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us;  
With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us.’”

In this there is no word that was not sincerely spoken, and from the very depths of his heart. At this time he was attending school only half of each day; devoting the remainder to athletic exercises and long walks, that he might improve his physical strength by putting it to its utmost stress. His boat was now completed, and a part of his exercise consisted in procuring lumber, and building a house in which he might lock it up, and have it in safe-keeping.

At length the last of his expected letters arrives, and he feels himself at liberty to decide the great question that had been so long pressing upon him. This decision he thus announced in a letter to his mother :—

“LOWELL, May 1, 1861.

“DEAR MOTHER,—I received your first letter last Friday ; your second and the one from sister Saturday, and one from brother yesterday. I thank you all for answering my last letter so promptly ; for expressing your opinions so clearly ; for your good advice ; and, above all, for the encouragements you have given for me to do what I consider my duty. I have delayed thus long before answering yours because I wished to receive all the letters wherein I expected to find advice, and then decide immediately. (I have already learned one good



lesson from Mr. Lincoln, not to be too hasty.) I have now received them, and shall decide. Your letters, dear mother, were very satisfactory. You hesitated a little about my going, for fear I could not stand the hardships to which I must be exposed. But then you decided to let me do what I consider my duty, or 'what the Lord, in His all-wise providence, has directed me to do.' I, too, feel to bless and praise the Author of my being that He has given me a mother who is willing that her sons should not only endanger, but yield up their lives in defence of their country and the right. I agree with M. that I am not yet strong enough to endure the hardships incident to a soldier's life, but I think I shall soon be able. I am not *needed now* for active service. My country has not yet called me into the field, but only those who are fitted to help her. I

am not yet prepared; but she calls, that not only I, but all who are healthy and strong should prepare. It is, therefore, my duty, I think, to get ready in case I shall be needed. L. says that if I enlist I had better do so at home. I think so too. I had rather, much rather, help to represent old Chautauque, the home of my birth, where I have the nearest friends and the dearest interests, in the defence of our Union and Liberty. There, with my old associates, I would wish to rally around the flag of our country; with them I would wish to fight for its defence, and if I fall, by their side I would wish to die.

“I shall, if Providence permits, and you do not say any thing to the contrary, start for home next week or the week after. I go, not because I am tired of Lowell,—far from that; not because I am sick of

study ; not because I wish to rest from my duties here ; not because I expect to have a better time in your company and that of my other friends ; not *chiefly* because I desire to see them ; but because my country is in danger, and bids me prepare for her defence. I expect to have a much harder time than here, and pleasures very few. Duty stands above pleasure, and to her voice I shall listen first, and her commands I shall try immediately to obey. If God has other duties for me to perform when I become older, though I pass through the hardest battles, though I be exposed to the greatest dangers, though I suffer evils in every form, He will guide me through them all ; He will shield me in the hour of trial, and His right hand will uphold me. Therefore I will trust in Him. When I die, whether it be in peace or war, on the bed of sickness, or in the

battle field, in youth or old age, it will be because it is His will, and I can truly say, 'Thy will be done.' \* \* \*

"Your affectionate son,

"JAMES HALL."

His boat, though completed, had not yet been launched.

On the third day of May, he and his friend each gave their boats their first trial on Concord River. They were more than satisfied—they were *delighted* with the result of the experiment. The trial was before breakfast. "After breakfast," he says, "we tried it again, and had a good time, rowing till near noon. Crowds of people gathered every little while on Andover Street Bridge to see us, and seemed to enjoy it. In the afternoon we put on our flags, and carpeted the bottom of the boats where we sit. At four o'clock, in our blue

shirts trimmed with white, we took another row, and showed our boats for the first time to Mrs. —, &c., &c., who were much pleased with them."

The next day he enjoyed his last trip with his wherry. He says: "I dislike very much to part with it after having spent so much labor upon it, and after all my anticipations of having good times with it. But that was during the time of peace. War upsets every thing. And as I prefer duty to pleasure, I must prepare to defend my country."

Then came his last Sabbath in Lowell, which he pronounces a "blessed season."

One day more he waits: a day in which Lowell was draped as if weeping, like Rachel, for all her children; mills, schools, stores, all closed, and streets, windows and roofs crowded to witness the arrival of her slain from Baltimore! But the young

patriot needed not this to fire his heart. His purpose has already been taken, and he waits but for the hour. At evening he meets some of his young friends, and gives to one of them a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which he had written: "May this be the guide of your life. If you follow its teachings faithfully you will never regret it." This counsel was not lost upon his friend.

The morning comes, the parting words are spoken, and he is on his way. Shall we imagine the feelings with which he leaves a place which has so long been his home? No: let him tell them. "I felt very badly to leave them all so suddenly, even worse than when I left home. For I thought I may never go back there again; and besides I had got very much attached, not only to the High school, but to the Sabbath school, and to the many

friends I had formed acquaintance with there. Moreover, — and I had formed very pleasant plans for the future, among which was a trip in our wherries up the Merrimac into New Hampshire next vacation, to be gone four or more days ; also to go together to Jamestown next August, and on our way to visit New York city and Niagara Falls. And not only do I regret to leave, but I thought that after having been for nearly three years where every Christian influence has been thrown around me to keep me in the right path, I should now meet with many temptations and severe trials, and be often surrounded with wicked men whose influence will tend to draw me away from loving God and the kingdom of Christ. But then I thought of the many precious promises written in the Bible, and that my trust was in God, and not in my own strength ; and I knew

that I should certainly conquer if I continued so to trust. All the influences that have been around me in Christian conversation, the family altar, and the church where I have heard the Gospel so faithfully preached, will go with me through life, and will prepare me, as I trust God has ordered, to do much good in the world." This train of reflections is closed with regret that he had not time to continue the record of his thoughts. He took the most direct route homeward, passing Albany about five in the afternoon, riding all night, and reaching home at evening the next day.

He passes the night, and the very next day we find him drilling with the "Home Guards." And he spent no day in Jamestown except the Sabbaths, whether stormy or pleasant, without drilling in some "squad," or company.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Company B—He Gains Strength—Company Accepted by Gen. Sickles—His Desire to go—Leaves it to his Mother—The Decision—He Enlists—The Preparation—Last Days in Jamestown—Last of his Folio Journal—Farewell—Goes to New York—To Staten Island—Camp Scott—New Style of Life—Bill of Fare—Escort Duty—Hardship—Attack Apprehended—First Sabbath—Appointed Clerk of the Company—Clerkship of the Regiment Declined—Anxiety to Drill.

HE was chiefly associated with a company that was afterwards known as “Company B,” of the third regiment, in Sickles’ Brigade. The result of his drilling with this company was that he found himself, sooner than he anticipated, in possession of such a degree of strength and capability of endurance as seemed to him sufficient to qualify him to cast in his lot with theirs.

He tells us how this conviction ripened into purpose.

Under date May 22, he says :—

“ Mr. J. Brown returned to-day and informed the company that they had been accepted by Gen. Sickles, that they must report themselves in New York city next Tuesday, and would therefore start from here Monday morning. I desire much to go. But I shall try to act wisely, praying to God earnestly that He would direct my mind to go or stay, getting advice from those who are willing to give it, and the consent of mother, or her wish in the matter. Whether I go or stay, I know that I am guided by my heavenly Father, in whose hands I am, and in whom I will put my trust. *His will be done in all things.* How blessed it is that I can have Him for my guide, my trust, my support, my all.

Blessed be His holy name. I do not wish to live for myself, but for God, his glory, and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. Therefore, if I go, I go having the glory of God in view, and I trust that He will glorify Himself through me.”

The next day he records the decision, and the spirit in which it was adopted and carried out:—

“Mother has willingly given her consent for me to enlist in this company, and may God bless her with a double blessing.

In the first part of the afternoon I enlisted, knowing that I was enlisting in a righteous cause. I will trust in God for the health, strength and enduring power which I need, in whose hands I am, and by whom I am led to take this course.”

There remained now three days, including the Sabbath, before the time appointed for the company to leave for New York. It was found impossible to get every thing ready in this time, and another day was added to their stay. These were his last days in Jamestown. And he has left us, we may almost say, literally an account of every hour.

We see him getting measured for his uniform, riding and visiting with friends, receiving and writing letters, drilling with the company, reading in the life of Washington, drilling the soldiers at Kiantone and spending one night there, attending church on the Sabbath in his new uniform, with his company, making his parting calls, attending a flag presentation on Monday, and taking his leave, amid the cheers of an immense throng, on Tuesday.

Here we have reluctantly taken our

leave of the large, fair, beautiful pages of his folio journal for 1861, and must supply the defect as well as we can by recourse to his pocket diary, which is continuous to the 3d of August, and his letters, which carry us on very nearly to the end of his life. His large journal closes, as is most fit, with the record of his last Sabbath in Jamestown. From this time, with one or two unimportant exceptions, he knew no Sabbath but that of the camp and the hospital.

He was accompanied by his friends as far as to the junction of the railroad from Jamestown with the New York and Erie Railroad, where he parted with them, and arrived in New York before nine o'clock the next morning. The next thing was to march to the City Hall for breakfast, then down Broadway to Staten Island Ferry; then three miles on the island to

Camp Scott, where he was to become inured to soldier's fare and camp life. Here he remained nearly two months, the monotony of his daily rounds being occasionally relieved by a visit from his brother in New York, or a visit of a few hours paid to him at his office or boarding-house.

Let us devote a page or two to this new style of life, and see how our young friend appears in it, and what he has to say of it.

The discovery is quickly made that his company is "the best looking and the best drilled on the ground." For their first night, they are "marched about a mile to some barracks, where they spent the night, because there were no tents for them to sleep in yet."

The next morning our young soldier is up at half past four, but finding that he is not wanted yet, he resumes his nap, and

sleeps four hours longer. The next night he slept in a new shed half uncovered, but "rested well." The third night the tents are up, and he finds himself under canvas, and tells us he "rested very well." He knew the value of sound and healthy sleep. Hence he made a note of each night's rest, from the night passed in a sleeping car on the New York and Erie Railroad, till he had been in camp nearly two weeks.

His new bill of fare he gives as follows : " We arise at sunrise ; at seven we have a breakfast of coffee with sugar, but no milk, meat, dried bread and crackers ; at noon we have soup made of rice, and the leavings, I suppose, of our breakfast. Hungry stomachs, however, will devour it pretty rapidly. At supper, we have the same as for breakfast."

He was not long, moreover, in finding

out that the soldiers' bread, indifferent as it too often is in quality, is not always sure. The third day after his arrival at Camp Scott, he tells us:—

“ At noon, before the boys had had their dinner, the company was suddenly called together, and marched to the city of New York. We marched at double quick time a part of the way, passing three miles in twenty minutes. After arriving in New York, we found that we were to escort the famous Seventh New York Regiment through the city. They were expected from the seat of war this afternoon. We waited, standing up over two hours for them, and then escorted them through Broadway. They were worth seeing. We did not get through till nearly eight; and then waited in front of the City Hall over an hour for our supper, which was of beer and crackers; for no coffee was to be had.



I do not believe I could have stood it, if I had not taken two or three nut-cakes and crackers just before starting.”

The next day we find him at the Bible House, negotiating for some New Testaments for the men.

When he had been at camp but a week, we find him relating, with all the coolness of a veteran soldier—“About eleven, orders were received by the sergeant with whom I slept, to detach twenty men from the company for guard, who were furnished with guns. Twenty men from each of the other companies were also detached. I learned afterwards, that an attack from the Wilson Zouaves was apprehended, but we know not for what reason.”

He thus speaks of his first Sabbath in camp: “I spent to-day my first Sabbath in camp. I do not like it as well as when I am at home, or at Mr. S——’s, where I

can worship my God in peace and quiet. But I suppose I must stand it."

He was appointed clerk of the company, and in about a week after his arrival in camp, was promoted to be clerk of the third regiment. But he soon discovered that this would lay upon him so much duty in the way of writing, that his time for drilling would be considerably abridged, and as he would suffer nothing to interfere with the discipline he desired, in order to perfect himself as speedily as possible as a soldier, he was at his own request relieved.

So earnest was his desire to accomplish himself in both the science and practice of the military profession, that in addition to the ordinary soldiers' drill, he sought and obtained permission to participate in the officers' drill, and spend many hours in the study of tactics.

## CHAPTER XIV.

First Illness—Cause—A Sabbath—Prayer-Meeting—  
Feelings in Regard to the Military Profession—  
Monotony—Ordered to Washington—Journey—  
Camp Marsh—Camp Caldwell—First Night—Picket  
Duty—Rainy Season—Visit from his Brother—  
Camp Wool—Sickness—Hospital Experience—  
Thanksgiving—Nursing.

AFTER one month passed in camp, he records his first day in sickness, attributing it to an inferior quality of bread. About twenty in his company, and a similar number in other companies, were taken sick at the same time, from the same cause. The sickness was a brief one, and in three days we find him on half duty in the ranks again.

He says of his sixth Sabbath :—

“I spent it at Camp Scott, and it was indeed the pleasantest Sabbath I have

spent since I left Lowell. I not only appreciated the instruction given by the chaplains here, surrounded by so much wickedness, but I really enjoyed it. Attended a soldiers' prayer-meeting in the evening, at the chapel tent, which was exceedingly interesting. Many of the soldiers prayed, and testified that they were on the side of Christ. Surely it is better to be only a doorkeeper in the house of our God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. I love these meetings, for they draw me nearer to God."

In one of his letters, written about two weeks before he left Camp Scott, he thus declares his feelings in regard to the military profession:—

"I have never regretted that I have taken the course I have, but, on the other hand, think it is the wisest thing I could have done; for I feel in my place,

though I am nothing but a private yet. To be a soldier has always been my wish, as far back as I can remember. Even while I was at Lowell it was my constant intention to be one some time.

“Although your advice turned me away from my plan of going to West Point, the rigors of which you feared would be the means of enfeebling my constitution, and my next choice was to go through college, I still determined to gain a thorough military education, if I had to pick up all the military part myself.

“Still believe me, I do not come here from any selfish motive, but a pure one—as pure as I can make it:—that I may do good to my country; and I am ready at any time to die in her cause. Yet I believe that I shall see you all again, for I cannot help thinking that I have some

work to do at some future time, and that what I now do is to prepare me for it."

For the remainder of the month of July, his letters and diary take us for the most part through the same rounds, with no incident of more importance than the daily drill, the writing and receiving of letters, and the excitement consequent upon receiving from time to time the luxuries and tokens that were sent him from home. Thus it was until the order came to strike the tents on the morrow, and be ready to start for Washington.

This order was made known to him, on the twenty-fourth of the month, while he was getting his requisitions for the company signed by the colonel. He heard it read "with joy," and "hastened back and reported it" to the men, who received it with a similar satisfaction.

The next morning their tents were taken

down, and after escorting another regiment to the boat, his own took their leave of Camp Scott about dark, left the landing at ten, arrived at Elizabethport at twelve, and were in Camden early the next morning. Crossing the ferry, they found an excellent breakfast prepared by the kind citizens of Philadelphia, and received a welcome which evidently made a deep impression upon his mind.

At parting, he speaks of the evident sympathy "from many who could realize for what purpose they were passing through the city," and says he saw many a tear glistening in their eyes, and could hear the words, "God bless you," as they moved away.

They passed through Baltimore in the evening, where they were delayed three or four hours, and arrived in Washington early the next morning. Their camping ground was on a hillside overlooking the

city and the region far around, taking in the view of Fairfax Court-House, and distant from Washington about a mile, north by east.

This location, known as "Camp Marsh," they occupied only about a week, and then moved across the eastern branch of the Potomac to "Camp Caldwell," which was so located as to command a sweep of several miles in every direction. Instead of marching with the regiment, he drove an ambulance, containing two members of his company that were sick. They arrived at their destination a little before dark, and before they could put up their tents it began to rain, pouring down in torrents. They had only time to prepare a few tents for the officers and take care of the sick. "Then," he says, "six of us found shelter in a baggage wagon where I stayed all night with no covering but an India-rubber blanket. My legs hung out of the wagon



to my knees except when I drew them up. The other boys took shelter where they could find it, some in barns, some in sheds, some in negro huts, and some in private houses." The next day their camp was properly arranged and the tents set up. This camp they retained till late in October. They were distant about three miles from Washington and two miles from the Potomac. While encamped here, James was once employed at an outpost on picket duty on the bank of the Potomac nearly opposite Alexandria. Here he had his first experience of living through a long rainy season with no better shelter than a hut made of bushes and branches of trees, and coming back to that shelter past midnight after standing at his post four hours in an incessant drenching rain. Of this he made no complaint; but protested, on the other hand, that he enjoyed it beyond any pre-

vious portion of his military life. Still we are not surprised to find that exposures like these, in the course of a month or two, cost him a protracted illness which confined him from the latter part of October till after the middle of December. These exposures, however, were by no means constant. In a little more than a week, he was relieved from the duties of this picket encampment, and back again with the main body of the regiment in Camp Caldwell.

Here, he said, "it seemed no more like war than when he was pursuing his peaceful studies at the High school in Lowell." Still he was "ready at any time to go into the field and do his duty there." This quiet experience was pleasantly modified in the early part of September by a visit from one of his brothers, which he greatly enjoyed. His brother left him at their final parting, "standing at the corner of

the Capitol grounds waiting for an omnibus, with a camp stool in his hand, which he had just purchased, and to appearance, not very sad." This was unquestionably the truth. He was never "very sad." And he could never be "sad" at all, very long.

In the month of October, his regiment received orders to take a position further down the river, where, as will be seen from the following extract from a letter written by a loyal Marylander to a friend in Boston, and published in the *Boston Journal*, their presence was of essential service.

"You are far removed from danger, and have not had the rebel flag flaunted in your face by the bragging insolence that knows no truth or honor. Last year that infamous rag was unfurled in Charles County, and every Union man threatened with extermination. I had no idea that the

whole people of a county could be so frightened as to permit a few men like Walter Mitchell and William B. Stone and their confederates to create a reign of terror in their midst. But such was the fact; the people were so frightened that it would have been impossible to have raised fifty men in the whole county to fight the few rebel soldiers stationed in Port Tobacco under the control of Walter Mitchell and William B. Stone. After a while Sickles' Brigade came down here; then the rebels in their turn were scared, and many of them fled across the river to Dixie—others hid in the swamps. Their defiant bearing and bragging tones were changed, and a more sneaking, terror-struck set of hounds you never saw. This scare did good for a while, and probably came in time to save me from an attack that was maturing.

“If you were back here in Charles

County, and had my opportunities and experience, you would hate this rebellion as I do. All last winter I was within hearing of the rebel brag and threats. I saw their movements; and on many a dark night saw the flash of their guns, and was in constant expectation of being murdered by men whose 'tender mercies' were unmitigated cruelty."

The sickness of which mention has been made, was from an intermittent fever, fortunately not of the severest type.

The attack came upon him three or four days before his regiment marched down the river. They left a few tents upon the ground and he, with a few other sick ones, remained in them. He was quite comfortable for a time; the fever had entirely left him, yet he was too weak to stand. One day there was a fearful storm of wind and rain which continued a day and a night.

It was so severe that their tent was very near blowing over; but one of the men in another tent, hearing their cries for help, secured it so that it stood until the next morning. That day orders were given that the sick should be carried to the hospital at Georgetown, and they were glad to be removed where they would not suffer from the dampness and chill of the tents. They were conveyed to Georgetown in an ambulance, six men being crowded into the same vehicle, and all lying down. They reached the hospital at evening, where they were kindly cared for, and made as comfortable as their condition would admit.

The Union Hotel Hospital, as its name signifies, was formerly a hotel, but had lately been converted into a hospital, and being only two miles from Washington, many of the disabled soldiers were sent there from the camps in that vicinity. Here our young soldier was brought. On

his arrival he was obliged to exchange his own clothes for others furnished at the hospital. He occupied a room with two others; one a Scotchman, who was wounded at the battle of Bull Run, the other a German, who could speak but little English. Their nurse was a young Scotch lady, who was very kind to them, and often invited James into her room, and did him many little kindnesses, which were gratefully remembered and mentioned in his letters. His food was much more palatable than his camp rations had been. And besides the regular hospital fare, he was permitted to purchase other little delicacies, as he could bear them.

He spent "Thanksgiving Day" at the hospital, and, with some of his young friends that were convalescing like himself, provided a dinner as nearly as possible like those to which he had been accustomed at home on such occasions. This privilege,

with many others which were accorded him there, left the impression upon his mind that "the hospital was by no means the worst place imaginable, and that the time he spent there was passed even pleasantly." The chaplain sometimes conducted religious services in the rooms of the patients, and after being deprived of them in the camp, except upon a few stated occasions, it was a great pleasure and comfort to James and his companions.

When he was a little stronger it became his duty to watch a part of each night with some of the hospital patients that required close attention, and at one time he had the care of a young cadet who was insane; but it was not regarded as a hardship by him, for aside from the good he was doing to his fellow-sufferers, he was every day acquiring a new experience and valuable discipline, which fitted him for a new sort of usefulness.



## CHAPTER XV.

Return to his Regiment—The Reindeer—Perilous Situation—Arrival at Camp—Winter Quarters—Plans for the Future—Application to the Secretary of War—Reindeer Again—Shelling a Vessel—Sale of his Boat—Appropriation of the Money—Deaths in Camp—Routine—Sabbath Set Aside—Road Building—Hope Deferred—Feelings in View of Union Victories—Preparations for Active Service—Night Expedition—Return—Narrow Escape—Letter to a Friend.

ON his return to his regiment, in December, he found that they had not been recalled from their encampment down the river, and his approach to them was by water.

He started down the Potomac in the Reindeer, a small flat-bottomed steamer. The day was fair, but windy, with the exception of which the sail was a pleasant

one. He passed Alexandria, and saw the flag of the Union waving over the Marshall House, where Col. Ellsworth was killed ; a few miles farther, and he passed Fort Washington, on the left bank of the river ; a short distance below, on the right bank, he had a fine view of Mount Vernon, where the immortal Washington once lived, and near the river at the right of the house was his tomb. About here the river begins to widen, and as the wind was blowing violently, their little craft was tossed roughly among the waves, and its freight was scattered in every direction upon the deck. But no danger was apprehended until just before their arrival at Matawoman Creek, when the rudder became unmanageable, and apparently no choice was left him and his fellow-passengers but to perish where they were, or go over to the Virginia shore and be taken

prisoners by the rebels. But providentially a United States transport vessel was hailed by them, though with difficulty on account of the wind; and by this they were towed up the creek, where they were out of danger. But there had been quite an exciting scene on board the Reindeer, and many of the passengers had taken off their coats and prepared to swim for their lives. A walk of about seven miles with their packed knapsacks on their backs brought James and his companion to their regiment about dark, and "it seemed like getting home."

The location of their camp, which was called "Camp Wool," was about midway between Liverpool and Rum Points, some seven miles from each. He pronounces it a "pleasant locality, with a fine parade and drill ground, and about two miles from the river."

The company was doing well, the sick recovering, and they had but one death to record in their ranks since their departure from home. The men had made themselves quite comfortable, having constructed fire-places in their tents, and having already begun to build log-houses in anticipation of the increased severity of the winter, the sternest portion of which they had not yet seen. The fare was all that a soldier could expect, "the bread being white and nice, and an abundance of it."

About this time he had begun to meditate a new step in his military life. Looking forward to the time when the war should be over, he foresaw that if he should be living, the question would come up, what he was to do next. And he expresses the fear that he should "spend his whole life in trying to find out what he was good for." His taste for the military profession

had suffered no abatement, and he now proposed to commit himself fully and finally to it, by obtaining a lieutenancy in the regular army. His relatives had influential friends in Congress and in the Cabinet, and it seemed that his request would not be long in being granted. Again he sought and obtained his mother's permission. This made another occasion for a visit to Washington. He was introduced to the Secretary of War, had his name entered, and felt all confidence of speedy success.

He returned again to his regiment, and resumed his duties as corporal, and patiently waited for his summons to Washington to receive his commission. His expectation at first contemplated only a delay of two or three weeks. But he found that the hope was to be long deferred.

His return trip was in the same ill-omened Reindeer, which carried him before. It gave him an opportunity to witness the bombardment of a sloop by the whole line of rebel batteries, being himself beyond their reach in the mouth of the Matawoman Creek. He says "it was interesting to see first the smoke of the guns, then the flash of the bomb-shell bursting sometimes apparently over the sloop, sometimes in the water near it, or on the shore; and after a minute and a half we could hear the report; but the sloop went through safely."

Soon after his return to camp he received notice that his boat had been sold, according to his request, and the amount received—ten dollars—appropriated as he had directed, to purchase a seaman's library, which was put on board the United States ship William J. Anderson, in the care of

Mr. John Gibson. This notice he sent to his mother, requesting her to preserve it. That library had more interest to him than any other investment of a similar amount, for the reason that the money was the product of his own labor.

About the middle of January, he records the death of four of his company, and says :—

“ One by one passes away, and still the regular routine of duty and business goes on as ever, never stopping for the death of one or of twenty. The drummer’s call at daylight; the reveille beat around the whole camp some ten minutes later; the hurrying out from the log-houses to fall in for roll-call, morning ablutions, and street cleaning; the call to fall in for rations; the rush for cup and plate; the breakfast; guard-mounting at eight, when the guards are inspected, and pass in review before the

officer of the day, led by the band playing sweet music for those less accustomed to hear it, but tunes that are becoming old and worn-out with us.

“Then men are detailed for various duties, such as bringing water and wood; then comes dinner at twelve, of beans, hominy and meat; then, if the day be pleasant, battalion drill, and beating of retreat at sunset; then supper; and at eight, tattoo and roll-call, when all hands prepare for going to bed. This is our daily round, never stopping if one is taken sick, or goes to the hospital, or breathes his last, and is borne by a few to his final resting-place, and the three volleys are fired over his grave.”

Soon after this came a feature of military life of which he had had no experience before. He had heard that “war knows no Sabbath,” and now he was to learn what this means.



It became necessary to open a practicable road to Liverpool Point, as nearly all their provision and forage must reach them in that way, and the ordinary road had become so bad, that an empty wagon could scarcely be drawn upon it. To meet this necessity, his company and two others were obliged to work the whole of one Sabbath in building a "corduroy road."

This was revolting to his feelings, and to those of "the other boys." He quotes a remark from one of them to this effect: that he would "write home to his friends, and get them to send him on a Sabbath, since the luxury could not be furnished for him there." However, he says, he "did his duty in overseeing and directing the men" on that day. He had on a former occasion deplored the disadvantages of the Sabbath as passed in camp; contrasting it with the peaceful Sabbath at

home. Now he assures us, that a Sabbath in camp, with no such work to be done, and with one of Mr. Beecher's sermons in the *Independent* to read, is a privilege which he greatly enjoys.

Thus passed the remainder of the winter months. Every two or three weeks it was his turn to go on guard, posting his relief of seventeen men about the camp once in four hours, and occasionally he was detailed to oversee the digging of a grave, as his companions fell by disease.

His spare hours were occupied with reading, writing, and looking for the news from Washington. While his time was thus passing, there came a change which he interpreted as having an unfavorable bearing upon his hopes of obtaining a commission in the regular army. Secretary Cameron, who was acquainted in his circle of relatives, and took an interest in him,

was removed, and his place filled by one who had no special reason to do James a kindness. Still he was not desponding, and declared himself "content to remain in his position as corporal for the three years for which he had enlisted." His hopes of a speedy termination of the war were soon afterwards stimulated by the victories at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Clarksville, and Roanoke Island; and as he looked onward, and thought of the probable capture of Nashville, and Norfolk, Savannah and Charleston, and of the whole South as "laying down their arms and returning to their allegiance to the Constitution and the Union," he anticipated almost with certainty that he should be at home again in six months, with the work of the army all accomplished, and the Union of thirty-three States again established. "Surely," said he, "God is pros-

pering our arms, and hearing the prayers of a united North.”

Early in March it began to look more like actual service. Passes were refused to both officers and men, and it was understood that they might receive the order to move at any time, they knew not where.

It was not, however, until the 20th that he was called to participate in any aggression upon the foe. He says: “Last Thursday, Company B passed through quite a little adventure, and for the first time, heard the “whiz” “whiz” of the rebel balls about them. Orders came Thursday evening for Company B to provide themselves with one day’s rations, and with a part of another company to march to Liverpool Point, a distance of seven miles. The night was dark and rainy. On their arrival at Liverpool Point a gunboat was in readiness, and having embarked they sailed

about fifteen miles to a place in Virginia called Boyd's Hole. They were delayed by a fog, so that when they landed, it was already three o'clock in the morning. They were fired upon a number of times by the rebel pickets, and the sound of their balls had "a music in it that was exceedingly exciting." The fence was struck as they were passing it, but no ball took effect upon them. They returned every fire, and drove in the pickets a mile and a half, when it became obvious from the unexpected number of the pickets they must soon encounter a larger force than they were prepared to meet. They were therefore counter-marched to the boat without accomplishing their object, which was to capture a small cavalry force which they supposed to be in that neighborhood. If successful, the gunboat was to attack a battery at Acquia Creek on their return. But the

fire of the battery was not drawn by their challenge, and of course they knew not where to direct their own. The next day after their arrival at camp two or three negroes who had escaped and crossed over from the Virginia shore came to the guard-house and told them that they were exceedingly fortunate in having retreated as they did: for if they had advanced further they would have found a force of two thousand infantry drawn up to receive them, and would have had no alternative but to be cut to pieces or surrender. They further informed them that their fire had killed two of the rebels and wounded several besides. "Thus," says he, "the first time I ever place my foot on the sacred soil of Virginia, I went there in a hostile manner, with my gun loaded, and bayonet fixed, ready to give the traitors and enemies of our beloved country what they deserved."

A day or two after his return, he received a letter from a friend who was dear to him as was Jonathan to David, containing intelligence that stirred his soul to its lowest depths. It drew forth the following simple but touching letter in response:—

“CAMP WOOL, MD., March 25, 1862.

“Dear ——. It is a rainy day again, and it is only on such days that I can find time to answer the letters of my correspondents, for on pleasant days the officers keep us very busy drilling. I therefore seize this opportunity to answer your letter which was received last week; but more particularly your last short, but exceedingly interesting note, which reached me yesterday afternoon, in which you said that you were much interested in the subject of religion, and related the circumstance of your interview with Mr. S—— on the sub-

ject. It does indeed give me great pleasure to know this, and from your own pen, too ; for religion and the cause of Christ ought to be before all subjects the first to be interested in. It is our first great duty to give our hearts to Christ, to put our trust in God, to pray to Him, and feel an interest for His cause in the world ; and one who has begun to live a religious life may be sure that he has taken the right course in the world. You will find many and strong temptations to contend with, but if your trust in God is firm, He will help you to conquer ; above all, never forget to pray. Draw nigh to God often in prayer, and feel toward Him as you would toward a father, for He is indeed your father and mine, the *only* one *I* have. I began to have an interest in the subject of religion four years ago this spring, united with the church, and shortly afterwards went to Lowell, and



there spent nearly three years in the family of Mr. S——, as you well know. I was exposed to but little temptation there, and had all the influences that could be thrown around me, to keep me in the right way,—the prayer-meeting, the family altar, the church of God, the Sabbath school. Living there, how could I help feeling interested in the cause for which Mr. S—— was laboring? But nearly a year ago I was suddenly taken away from that harbor, as it were, of peace and shelter, and am now a soldier, as I have been ever since. But how great is the change,—no church, no Sabbath school, no prayer-meeting, no religious instructions to attend, no religious influences whatever, thrown around me! On the contrary, there are many and great temptations for me to fight against. I can hardly hear a conversation but what is intermixed with oaths and profanity of the

direst kind, and the most vicious language that the hearts of men can devise, is used by those in the same tent with me, as well as in every other tent. And not only this, but books of the basest description, written by the basest of men, are scattered through the camp for the soldiers to read. Gambling, drinking and smoking, are vices that meet us at every turn. But my trust is still in God. I have not forgotten to pray, and the good influences that were thrown around me in Lowell, are still fresh in my memory. I do not yet smoke, drink, or swear, neither do I read these vile books, nor indulge with others in base conversation, and, with the help of God, I never intend to. I am fighting hard against these temptations: other boys say I will get into these habits before long; but so long as my trust is in my heavenly Father, and I continue to rest on Him for help and

support, and pray often to Him, I know that He will help me, and I shall at last be victorious. I try by my influence and conversation to prevent others from yielding to these temptations, and sometimes I may perhaps do a little good; but it is like trying to save property when the prairies are on fire. We were all made to serve God, both with body and soul; and I know He is leading me onward to do something for His cause, and whatever He has for me to do, *that* He will gradually point out, and, with His help, I will try to do it faithfully. I will pray for you, and do not forget to remember me, also, in your prayers, knowing, as you do, the situation I am placed in. Write again soon, and tell me how you are prospering in the Christian course.

“Yours, truly,

“JAMES HALL.”

His account of the temptations which beset him in the camp is not unlike another which he had addressed to his mother some two weeks before. In that he says of the wickedness of the camp: "Seeing so much of it tends to disgust me, and makes me love, more than I ever did, all that is true and good ; and the Christian life only stands higher, in my estimation, than it ever did before. It is like going from the warm sunshine, and green fields and still waters, where every thing is lovely, into a cold and damp excavation under ground, where no sun ever shone, nor happiness smiled."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Takes Leave of Camp Wool—Fortress Monroe—Monitor—Excitement—Encampment—Regiment in the Advance—A Week's Service—Evacuation of Yorktown—Pursuit—Rainy Night—Battle of Williamsburg—Death of his Captain—Finds the Body—Appearance of the Battle Field—Changes of Location—Again in the Advance—Letter—Sent to Fair Oaks—Encamps on the Battle Field.

In a few days they broke camp and embarked on the Elm City, at Liverpool Point, to go down the river. They remained on board four days before starting, and on the 9th of April, the whole brigade, under command of Col. Taylor, sailed as far as Port Tobacco, where they remained over night. The next morning they moved on down the river, and in twenty-four hours arrived at Fortress Monroe. The Monitor lay before them in full view, and while they

were looking at her, out came the Merrimac, accompanied by four other vessels, and "caused some excitement."

He speaks of the affair as follows :—

"While I was on the hurricane deck of the Elm City, looking at the Monitor, I noticed that the watch on the top of the turret was looking very anxiously with a spy-glass towards Craney Island, near Norfolk. On looking that way myself, I saw four large vessels approaching. These, on coming nearer, proved to be the Merrimac, with the rebel flag floating over her, accompanied by the Jamestown, Yorktown, and another vessel.

"The crew of the Monitor were soon clearing her deck and greasing it. Her smoke-stack was lowered, and the American flag hoisted in the twinkling of an eye. A signal gun was fired, and she was ready for action. About the same time I noticed the

transports and steamers moving off toward the bay, and around the fort to get out of the way as soon as possible. One old French steamer, however, simply ran up her flag, and did not move. We were anxious to see a fight, but none occurred."

They landed on Ship's Point, in Poquosin Bay, south of York River. They afterwards marched around the head of the bay, and encamped in a very pleasant place near the bay, or an arm of it, in a corn-field, and four miles from York, which was held by a strong rebel force under Magruder. On the 18th they were ordered to march again, and advanced three miles nearer to Yorktown, and took their position near General McClellan's head-quarters. They were now in the presence of the enemy, and mere drilling and playing at soldiering was over. The "band-box regiment," as they were called, were put into active

service. They were in the advance of the army, and were employed in doing picket duty and guarding the batteries, and were required to be up two or three nights every week.

He commences his account of the week, beginning April 28, thus: "Last Monday the regiment were up at three, and were on picket duty all day and all night. Tuesday was spent in cleaning up and resting. Wednesday we were up again at three, and guarded battery No. 3, all day and all night; what sleep we got was out of doors, and in the rain. Thursday we spent in again cleaning up, and resting what we could. Friday night I slept in the entrenchments, my back leaning against the parapet, and my head resting on a root that projected out about a foot from the parapet, with nothing but my overcoat over me. The rebels are getting very impatient, sup-



posing that we are erecting formidable works to reduce their batteries, and have been pouring their shot and shell pretty thick upon us, and some have struck rather uncomfortably close to me, I assure you ; but, strange to say, though there is a large force working daily and nightly on the batteries, and though they fire at us night and day, very few have yet been seriously injured."

At the very time he was writing this, the evacuation of Yorktown was going on, though he knew it not. The next day he was pursuing the retreating rebels from two o'clock in the afternoon till eleven at night. He slept on the ground in the rain till five the next morning, and fought the enemy all that day and the next night, wet to the skin, without an hour's sleep, and with almost literally nothing to eat during the whole time. That night a drummer

came to him and to others to buy a single cracker, but no one was found who had so much as that for himself. Thus was fought the battle of Williamsburg, in which the retreating foe turned at bay behind his entrenchments, and availed himself of elaborate preparations for entangling and destroying the Federal army. By one of these devices, the regiment to which James belonged was for a time ensnared and put to fearful loss. They had been deployed as skirmishers in the woods beyond a field of slashing, in which their reserve force was posted.

The skirmishers twice repulsed the attacks of the enemy, but at the third attack, finding themselves greatly outnumbered, they fell back on their reserve in the slashing. Here they found themselves easily outflanked and subjected to an enfilading fire which cut down their

ranks with terrible slaughter. They were now within the sweep of the enemy's batteries, also ; and were destroyed by hundreds by their shot and shell. " But it was not the will of my heavenly Father," he says, " that I should fall at that time, and through His goodness and mercy I escaped unhurt."

His regiment lost over two hundred in the fight, and among the slain was his own captain. He was sent with a few others the next morning to look for the body, and was one of the six who bore it from the field. The sight of the battle field, covered with the dead and wounded, was appalling beyond any thing he had ever seen. He counted twenty-four of the slain lying between two logs ; and in some places the rebels were piled in heaps of six or seven together. Such was the appearance of the field for a distance of two

miles. The same day they advanced a short distance beyond the spot where his brigade did their severest fighting, and encamped in front of Williamsburg. After four days of rest, they were again on the march, passing through Williamsburg, which he describes as "a place nearly as large as Jamestown," and continuing their march fifteen miles.

After several changes of location in which twenty days were consumed, they crossed the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge on Sunday, May 25th, continued their march three miles, taking the road that runs parallel with the river, and encamped about fifteen miles from Richmond. Here they found themselves again in the advance, and on the extreme left of the army.

During this encampment he wrote a letter to his mother, in which he says :

“I am still in excellent health, thank God, and able to perform all my duties. And if it should be necessary for this regiment to take part in the coming battle I am determined, with the help of my heavenly Father, to do my duty as best I can.

“God has given me strength thus far, and my trust is still in Him. If He could preserve me from harm amid the shells and bullets that were flying so thick about me in the late battle at Williamsburg, He can surely do it in another. But His will, not mine, be done. It was just one year ago to-day that I bade you all good-bye, and started in Captain Brown’s company, at my country’s call, for her defence. I considered the question well before I started, and now, after a year’s absence, I can say that I have never seen a day during the time that I regretted the course

I have taken. God has truly been my Shield and Guide, and has watched over me with a Father's care, during all the sickness, hardships, and dangers that I have passed through. While lying prostrate in the hospital at Georgetown; amid the fevers that were reducing our number at Camp Wool; amid the bursting of the enemy's shells at Yorktown; during the hardships which we endured while pursuing the enemy from that stronghold through the mud and rain; lying down in the rain at night, and fighting in our still dripping clothes, and without food; God has indeed been with me to aid and support me, and to Him be all the praise."

After six days in camp at this place, his brigade again received marching orders, with three days' rations, and woolen and India-rubber blankets, and directing their course toward Richmond, arrived shortly

after nightfall, at the battle field of Fair Oaks. The fighting was over for the day, and they bivouacked for the night. Early on the following morning the report of musketry called them to the ranks, and they pursued the retreating rebels half-a-mile to the woods : the second regiment of his brigade made two successful charges, killing many of the enemy, but his own did not become actively engaged.

They remained on the battle field on constant duty day and night for four days, when they were partially relieved by the first and third brigades of Hooker's division. So intense did the odor of decomposition become upon that field of strife and blood, and so annoying were the swarms of flies, that the men loathed their food, and many of them found it almost impossible to eat.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Seven Pines—Shelling Over his Head—Great Losses in his Brigade—Battle of the 25th—Movements of the Rebels—Retreat—Chickahominy Crossed—White Oak Swamp—Battle of Malvern Hills—His Death—Reports—Letter of Capt. Bliss—Letter of Capt. Sandford—Letter of a Fellow Soldier—Conclusion.

ABOUT a mile south-east from Fair Oaks, is Seven Pines, on the turnpike leading nearly due east from Richmond to Williamsburg. Here they encamped for the greater part of the month of June, and all his letters after the battle of Fair Oaks bear the date “Camp at Seven Pines.”

In one of these, he tells us that his regiment was ordered on “picket duty to relieve the 16th Massachusetts on Friday, the 20th of June. They were posted half



a mile beyond our rifle-pits in the edge of the woods which were occupied by the enemy. At sunset on that day, and between ten and twelve on Saturday, the rebels and our men amused themselves by shelling each other ; the shells passing over our heads.

“ But few of the enemy’s shells burst ; but ours did their work beautifully. We could hear the report near us, the whiz-z of the shell through the air, and a few seconds after, the report of the shell as loud as the cannon itself, over in the enemy’s works. It sounded much better than when they replied. There was a large force of the enemy in the woods in front of us, and we could distinctly hear them give orders, such as these, ‘ Battalion, halt ! ’ ‘ Deploy as skirmishers ! ’ ‘ Skirmishers, forward ! ’ ‘ Skirmishers, halt ! ’ ‘ Every man lie down ! ’ &c.

“ We were relieved at five, on Saturday, but had not been in camp more than fifteen minutes when the enemy attacked one of our redoubts. But grape and canister kept them off. They were mostly North Carolina troops. I learn to-day that we killed, wounded, and captured fifteen hundred of them. But I think this is exaggerated. You will learn the facts sooner than we, although it occurred in front of us. We hardly know what we do, ourselves, until we see it in the papers.” . .

. . “ Hooker has now about seven or eight thousand fighting men. Sickles’ large brigade of five regiments has been reduced to twenty-two hundred men fit for duty.”

I find that the newspapers put the number on Wednesday morning, at fourteen hundred. In another letter, he says: “ Company B, which left Jamestown with one hundred and ten men, and was afterwards

recruited by the addition of twenty more, has now not more than thirty-five or forty men capable of service.”

In his last letter, which is dated June 26, he describes the part which his regiment took in the battle of the 25th. The seven days’ fight, which has become historic, had begun.

Hooker’s and Kearney’s divisions attacked the enemy in front of their entrenchments, and drove them a mile, which was all the ground their purpose required them to gain. Supposing that his friends would feel anxious for his safety, he lost no time in writing.

“I was in it all,” he says, “and a kind heavenly Father has shielded me from the dangers that surrounded me, and I have come out unhurt. We were in from seven in the morning until seven in the afternoon. Among our wounded was L——.

He was lying down in rear of me at the time, and was struck by a solid shot. I happened to be reclining on a rail, and the shot passed over me within a few inches. Had I been sitting up I should have been directly in its path."

The battle of Wednesday evidently disappointed him. The rebels made less resistance than was anticipated, and the ground that had been gained was easily held. It was noticed on Thursday that the rebel camps that had been before observed by the pickets were gone. This was not understood by our soldiers. It gave rise to many speculations among them about the evacuation of the rebel capital, which it was supposed to indicate. Our generals, however, were not deceived. And soon it was known that this partial withdrawal from before the left of our army was for the purpose of falling on the

right. During that Thursday our young hero was quietly congratulating himself that there would "probably be no more fighting for some time." And yet at that very time the enemy were crossing the Chickahominy in force near Mechanicsville, and endeavoring to sweep around our right by a flanking movement, and get in the rear of our army. This led to the terrible fighting of Thursday and Friday, during which our transportation trains were moved across the river at Fair Oaks, to be followed by the remains of the army. And on Saturday every regiment had crossed, and the bridges were destroyed. It now remained to keep the enemy off from our rear, and at the same time to accomplish the passage of the White Oak Swamp, and the creek of the same name, and gain the higher grounds on the banks of James River, before the enemy could

get there in sufficient force to thwart the movement.

This the rebel forces attempted. And it was only by severe fighting that they were foiled. James knew not that the Federal army were effecting a retreat until Sunday morning. Then it was that his regiment were ordered to move, and the direction of their march told the story.

During a part of the forenoon they halted. After mid-day they resumed their march, and met with no interruption during the remainder of the day. They bivouacked for the night, and started early again the next day, moving but a short distance, when the enemy appeared, and a battle commenced. They were in sight of it, but had no part in the fight. They remained in their position until day-break on Tuesday morning, when they resumed their march, and took position upon Mal-

vern Hills. The fight at this place was principally confined to artillery until late in the afternoon, when the rebel infantry made an advance. Then it was that the regiment to which James belonged was led to the conflict. And there, with that same unflinching patriotic zeal that had before proved equal to every crisis, he stood and fought till he could handle his musket no longer. One who was with him, and was wounded by a shell and compelled to leave the field, writes that "James was his front-rank man, and that he left him firing like blazes." Near the close of that conflict, as the sun was sinking below the horizon, James received a wound that disabled him, and compelled him to fall back to the rear. He had retired but a short distance when he was struck by a shot in the head, which put an end to his life.

His companions in arms, who were still

engaged with the enemy, did not of course see him fall, and it was not till the next day that they knew of his death. Alone he fell, and there is nothing to mark the place of his rest. All the wealth which he left behind him when he parted from his home could not avail to secure for him a monument or a grave. Unknown must be the spot where he was laid till it shall be revealed by the resurrection morn.

The telegraph soon flashed a rumor of his death onward to his friends, that was soon contradicted by another, and then confirmed by another. The agony of suspense was not, however, of long duration. The mystery was cleared up, and it was rendered but too certain that he was dead. The following extract of a letter received by his brother from Captain Bliss of another company, gives us the most precise information on the point, that we have :—



“DEAR SIR: Knowing the manly virtues of your young brother, who fell so bravely at Malvern Hills, and appreciating your desire to gather all you can of how he fell, and where he sleeps, I will contribute what I can for your comfort. The simple fact that he has a grave, although placed in it by rebel hands is consoling.

“During the late expedition of General Hooker’s Division to Malvern Hills, I visited the field where Jimmy fell. It was a mile from our camp, and beyond our cavalry pickets. I had no trouble in finding the field and in tracing out our different positions. On the night of the battle, Sergeant Brooks of my company from Panama, saw a corpse he thought to be his. Owing to the blood on the face, and darkness, he could not be positive. He took the things from his pockets, and when light came, from the letters, there was no

longer any doubt. This is all we can ever know about his death. We could have buried our dead and marked their graves, if we could have found a spade or shovel. It was painful for us to leave them as we did, and until now we feared they were still unburied. But I found they had been decently interred by the rebels. They were in four graves or trenches, each one having from three to nine bodies in it—there must have been others than our own regiment, as we left only fourteen dead on the field. The rebel graves were the same as ours, only pieces of boards told they were from Georgia, or elsewhere. The position of Company “D” in line, would partly designate which of the four graves Jimmy was buried in, but it would be impossible to identify his body. He sleeps with his comrades on the field of his glory. There he must rest. The decorations of

his tomb are the strown equipments of war he and his comrades wore, but nature is very lovely there; Malvern Hills are beautiful in the extreme, and he sleeps in as peaceful a spot as one could wish. I knew him very well. His character was as lovely as when one year ago he left you in his beautiful youth, under a covenant with God and his country, to defend the cause of both. His death sealed the contract, and his mission ended, his pure spirit has gone to its home."

A letter was also received by the author from Captain Sandford of his own company, from which some of the above facts have been derived, and in which he speaks thus of James:—

"My acquaintance with James commenced after the battle of Williamsburg, and I was not long in learning his moral worth. Surrounded as he was by the vices

and immoralities of a camp life, he moved amidst them untainted, and showed by his example that they were not necessary concomitants of a soldier's life.

“Always willing and obedient to the command of his superior officers, true and faithful in the discharge of all his duties, pleasing and affable in his manners, his society was sought for most by those who knew him best.

“He was frequently found by his mess-mates reading God's holy word, and if one of his tent-mates so far forgot himself as to use profane language in his presence, the look and voice of James was sure to admonish him that it was both wrong and exceedingly painful to him. Thus did he exhibit to his comrades the effect of his early training; and above all, thus did he show that he lived for something higher

and more noble, and which would endure when time should be no more.

“It is with pleasure that I can thus speak of James, and while memory holds her seat, ever bright will be the page which records his name. And although the exigencies of the day on which he died were such as cut us off from performing the last sad rites of sepulture, and there is nothing to signalize the spot where he fell, yet he has left behind a more enduring memento which will appear when we assemble in the fields of immortal bliss, whither, I trust, he has led the way.”

The following testimonial from a fellow-soldier, addressed to the relatives of James, will also be read with interest:—

“It is a pleasant task to write of one who has shown, by his life, that the riches and honor of this world were not his chief aim, but that he sought to follow the example

of the meek and lowly Jesus, and that the love of his country was stronger than any selfish interest.

“Such an one was James Hall, and it must be pleasing to his family and friends to know that their loved one secured the admiration and affection of all who knew him. And if I can, by testifying of what I have seen and know of his lovely character, cheer the hearts of his mother, brothers, sisters and friends, or pay a grateful tribute to his memory, it will rejoice my heart.

“I became acquainted with James soon after he enlisted, and know that the whole of his camp life was that of a consistent Christian. His disposition was remarkably happy and uniform, never impulsive, but sober and thoughtful. At different times he spoke to me about starting a prayer-meeting, and ever showed a deep interest in the welfare and best good of his com-

rades, often regretting the bad influence of camp life on most young men.

“He felt, however, that as far as he was concerned, his life in camp had exerted a happy influence, rather than otherwise; for the sight of so much wickedness, and iniquity and roughness, made all that was good and amiable, pure and lovely, seem more precious than ever before. He highly appreciated the religious advantages of our country, and frequently expressed the opinion that it was the Christian duty of every man to give his life, if need be, to sustain and defend the honor and dignity of the government.

“His heart, his whole soul was full of true patriotism; he was bold, and brave, and always hopeful. He thought that this war was a judgment upon us from God for our national sins, but believed that the Union would be preserved.

“One could not know him and not admire his true, noble and manly spirit. I was intimately acquainted with him, and never heard one word of complaint through all the hardships and privations of camp life.

“He was ever willing and ready for duty, and used to say it was not manly to complain when every thing did not go to please one.

“Oh, how can one contemplate his lovely disposition, and recall his manly character, and not love him.

“I have written thus much of one I intimately knew and sincerely loved, hoping it might give one emotion of pleasure and gratification to those who cherish his memory. Yours, truly,

“WM. D. HALL.”



One bright morning in the early part of July, I took a letter from the post-office which announced for the first time in Lowell, the fact of his death. Not easily shall we forget the shock and the thrill of sadness which passed through the large circles in which he was known.

Teachers, school-mates, associates in the Sabbath school, the prayer-meeting, and the church of God, all felt themselves bereaved. A more tender chord has seldom been touched. There were those among his young friends who could take up the lament of David, when the beloved Jonathan had fallen.

“I am distressed for thee' my brother : very pleasant hast thou been to me : thy love for me was wonderful. . . . Ye Malvern Hills, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fertile

fields! For the beauty of Israel is slain upon your high places!"

In the dew of his youth, a saintly hero has fallen there.

Young men of the army, his patriotism may not have been a more earnest principle than yours. But he has shown you how patriotism is ennobled and made holy by religion. He has shown you, too, how religion can sustain and cheer the patriot soldier amid all the endurances and perils that are incident to his severest campaigns. And what to the soldier is the lesson to be read in his death, closing such a life? What but this, if I must fall, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" The blood of such as he, calls for no bitterness of revenge as you strike your true blows for the noble heritage which you are proud to call your country; it only says: "Remember your

God as he did, and you will be no less a patriot; you will serve your country with a purer devotion and a holier zeal, and if cut down like him, you will be more than a conqueror in death. He has traced for you a shining path through the bloody fields of war, and led the way to brighter victories than those of the sword. May it be yours to follow him in life, and triumph with him at last among the conquerors of death!

Young men of Kiantone, of Jamestown, and of Lowell, who have known him, I need not say that if he had lived, he would have had many a word of salutary and wise counsel for *you*. Shall not his brief history, as you know it, supply those lessons of wisdom? In what he was, you have tokens of what he would have been and what he would have said. "He being dead yet speaketh." In those few years you have

the germ of a glorious life. It would have unfolded gloriously on earth. A brighter glory attends its unfolding in heaven. Be like him, in the noble virtue and piety of your early life. Set before you a mark that shall be worthy the aim of an heir of immortality, and let your daily strivings prove that you are in earnest to reach it, and like him, you will not have lived in vain.

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